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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY HELEN M. PRATT.

I.

At last—at last the truth I know,—
How can I bear the heavy blow,
How can I else than mourn?
Cold on the bloody field he lay,
When closed the direful battle-day;
He never can return.

II.

His little son leans on my knee,
And lifts his bronze-brown eyes to me,—
Those eyes so like his own;
And strives to soothe my bitter grief
With words of comfort and relief,
In just his father's tone.

III.

His prattling, blue-eyed Lillabelle,
The daughter that he loved so well,
Looks up and cries "Mamma!"
Smiles with her rosebud lips apart,
And says—her sweet words break my heart—
"Mamma, I love papa!"

IV.

Ah, little ones! ye cannot know
The depth, the keenness of my woe;
God grant ye never may.
"In Freedom's cause my father died!"
The thought will be your dearest pride,
In life's far future day.

V.

But only for your sakes I care
Life's weary burden now to bear;
For you alone I live.
I have on earth but one desire,—
To prove you worthy of your sire,—
To that my life I give.

THE WHITE WOLF.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. WALKER MACBETH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

THE TRUST.

The Baron slept none that night. On the morrow, before day, he heard in the court yard the step of Jude's horse. Almost at the same instant the door of his chamber opened, and Hervey de Vannoy appeared on the threshold. He had no longer that air, humble and timid, in which we have seen him wrap himself up on his first entering the castle. His smile bloomed joyously on his lip. He carried a high brow, and affected a blunt freedom, scarcely tempered by an affectionate respect.

"You are early astir, my very dear cousin," said he, on entering; "I was still in my first sleep, when—"

He stopped suddenly on perceiving the severe and grave visage of Tremi, whose piercing eye fell direct on his eye, and seemed to wish to descend to the depth of his conscience.

"What is the matter?" he murmured, with involuntary alarm.

Tremi pointed him to a seat; he sat down.

"Hervey," said the old man, with a slow, sad voice, "when God took my son from me you were poor and feeble; you sustained an unequal contest against me, who am strong. You were about to be crushed—"

"You have been generous, my noble relative," interrupted Vannoy, who felt a vague hesitation.

"Will you be grateful," recommenced the old man.

Vannoy rose and grasped his hand, which he carried to his lips.

"By all the saints, sir," he cried, "I am yours, body and soul!"

Tremi was some time before he again spoke. His look was kept on Vannoy all the while.

"I believe you," he said at last. "I wish to believe you. At all events, it is no longer time to hesitate. My resolution is fixed.—Hear me."

He seated himself near the other and proceeded:

"I am on the eve of setting out, perhaps never to return. Do not interrupt me. My journey will be long; at the end of it I will find an abyss. Providence may cause me to surmount this sure and dread danger; but does Providence still protect the Breton land? My hope is weak; my firm belief is, that I go to my death."

"To your death!" repeated Vannoy, not comprehending him.

"To my death," cried the old man, whose face shone with a sudden enthusiasm.—"Have you never longed to die for Brittany, Mr. de Vannoy?"

"By the saints, my cousin, assuredly this idea will be mine some time or other," replied Hervey, who scarcely knew what to say. "To die for Brittany! to die for his oppressed mother, Vannoy, is not this the duty of a gentleman?"

"No doubt of it, but—"

"Time presses, and it is not my purpose to enter into useless explanations. When I am no more, George will need a defence."

"I will protect him."

"He will need a father."

"Do I not owe you the gratitude of a son?" Vannoy exclaimed, pathetically.

"You will love him dearly, is it not so, Hervey? This poor boy, whom I leave to you as a legacy! You will teach him to love Brittany, to detest the stranger; you will fill my place."

Vannoy made a gesture, as if to wipe away a tear.

"Yes," continued the old man, crowding back his emotions within his heart; "you are good; good and loyal. I have confidence in you, and my last hour will be tranquil." He rose, traversed the room with a firm step, and opened a desk, whence he drew a parchment sealed with his arms. "Here is an act which I have drawn up this night, and which confers on you the full proprietorship of all the domains of Tremi."

Vannoy started on his chair. His eyes were dazzled with a thousand bright visions.

The Baron, occupied with unfolding the parchment, did not notice this movement of irrepressible joy. He went on:

"Without letting you into my secret, which belongs to Brittany, I may tell you that my enterprise exposes me to an accusation of treason. This crime—for they so call it, brings with it not death only, but the forfeiture of all the goods of the accused. It is necessary to protect the heritage of George Tremi from this disaster, and I have chosen you as the depository of the fortune of my grand-child."

Vannoy was unable to reply. His brain was in a whirl at this unlooked-for event. He could only lay his hand on his heart, and raise to heaven his hypocritical look.

"Do you accept the trust?"

"Yes, I accept it," cried Vannoy, finding his voice just at the right moment. "Ah, my cousin, here is the opportunity for me to prove to you my gratitude. Yes, I accept. You demand it of me." He took the hand of the Baron in both of his.—"Thanks, thanks, my noble cousin," he went on to say; "I take Heaven to witness that your confidence is well placed."

Job, the favorite dog of the Baron, interrupted Vannoy at this point, by a growl, deep and prolonged. Then he left the cushion where he passed the night, and placed himself between his master and Hervey, on whom he fixed his eyes.

"The dog and the idiot," thought the old man, who, not in vain, was a Breton of unmingled race, and in the depth of whose heart was that cord, superstition, which vibrates so readily through Armorican breasts. He hesitated a second, and was tempted, it may be, to tear the parchment; but the voice of what he called his duty pushed him on. He flung Job aside rudely, and placed the deed in Vannoy's hands. "God sees you," he said, "and God punishes traitors. Behold yourself sovereign master of the destinies of Tremi."

The dog, as if he understood the solemnity of these words, sunk down on his pal let, howling plaintively.

"And now, Mr. de Vannoy, not from distrust of you, but because every one is mortal, and you may have to quit this world so suddenly as not to have time to attend to affairs, I ask of you s'ecurity."

"Whatever you wish, my cousin!"

"Write, then," said the Baron, directing him to a table where were ink, pen, and parchments.

Vannoy sat down.

Tremi dictated:

"I, Hervey de Vannoy, do hereby engage myself to give back the domain of Tremlaya, that of Bouexis in Forest, and their dependencies, to any direct descendant of Nicholas Tremi, who will bring back to me this writing—"

"Sir," said Vannoy, breaking in, "this would give arms to the crown. If you be condemned as guilty of lese-majesty, this act will naturally be suspected."

"Go on, notwithstanding,—this writing, accompanied with the sum of one hundred thousand livres, price of the sale of the aforesaid domains and dependencies.' Now, sir, the Exchequer will have nothing to object to. One hundred thousand livres form a heavy price, although certainly under the value of the lands."

Vannoy sat thoughtful. In a few seconds, however, he unfolded the parchment which the Baron had laid before him. It was an act of sale, in due form.

"Well," said he, "all is for the best, since such is your pleasure. God is my witness, that I wish with all my heart that these papers may become wholly useless by your happy return."

"Wish it, my friend," said the old man, shaking his head, "but do not hope it. Be pleased to sign your name."

Vannoy did so, then each took his own parchment.

"It seems to me," said Vannoy, after a long silence, during which Tremi had plunged again into reverie—"it seems to me that these preparations do not announce a sudden departure." He thought just the opposite, and did not deceive himself. His voice roused Tremi with a start, who rose, and pushed his chair violently aside. He passed his hand over his forehead in a kind of frenzy.

"It is time," he murmured, with a stifled voice. "You have recalled me to my duty. I am just going to start.

"Already?"

"They wait for me; I am too late. Go, Vannoy, get them to saddle my horse. I will bid farewell to my father's house, and will embrace for the last time, my son's child."

Vannoy bowed with all the exterior marks of a sincere affliction, and hastened to the stables. Tremi girt on the great sword of his forefathers, chequered with rust, and which had split more than one English skull in the time of the national wars. He flung a mantle over his shoulders, and placed his hat on the scattered locks of his white hair. Between his room and the retreat where George was reposing, was a grand saloon. It was a vast hall wainscoted with sculptured black oak, whose panels were separated by slender columns in half-relief, with gilt cornices. Between each panel, hung a family portrait, beneath which an escutcheon was painted. Tremi passed along this hall with a slow and painful step. His face bore the stamp of an austere and profound grief. He paused before the last portraits, which were those of his departed father and mother, and sunk on his knees. "Adieu, Lady," he murmured; "adieu, my father. I go to die as you lived, for Brittany."

As he rose, an oblique beam of the rising sun pierced the windows of the mighty hall, made the gildings scintillate, and threw a gleam like life on the faces of these Lords Paramount and chevaliers. You would have said that these high ladies smiled, and flung fragrance on him from their bouquets of roses, century-old; and that these haughty seignors, more proudly than ever grasped their swords with their gauntleted hands, when they heard the voice of this last Breton who spoke of dying for Brittany. Before leaving the hall, Tremi uncovered his head, and bowed in solemn farewell to the twenty generations of his ancestors who applauded his sacrifice.

Little George was still sleeping, but his morning sleep was light. The touch of his grandfather's mouth was sufficient to finish his dream. He awoke with a witching smile, and threw his rosy arms round the old man's neck. Tremi had bidden adieu without a touch of weakness to the venerated images of his ancestors, but he was shorn of all his strength at the sight of this child, sole hope of his race, about to be an orphan indeed, yet who smiled sweetly as at the dawn of a day of happiness. "May God protect thee, my son," he murmured, whilst a tear painfully held back, wet his white eyelid; "may He make of thee a gentleman and a Breton. Mayst thou resemble thy fathers, who were valiant and—free." He gave his lips to the brow of the child, and hastened away, for the emotion was unmanning him.

In the court yard, Hervey de Vannoy was holding his horse by the bridle. His accomplice cousin insisted on conducting Tremi to the end of the avenue. As for Job, they were obliged to chain him up, to keep him from following his master. At the end of the avenue the Baron stopped his horse and held out his hand to Vannoy.

"Return to the castle," said he. "No one must know whither I go."

"Adieu, then, my excellent friend," sobbed Vannoy, "my heart bursts to utter these sad words."

"Adieu," said the old lord, hastily. "Remember your promises, and pray for me."

He spurred his horse, whose gallop soon died away on the thick moss of the forest. Hervey kept up a sad face for some seconds; then he struck his hands briskly together, and indulged in an outburst of laughter.

"In faith," quoth he, "they gave me a room in a little corner, and the devil has done all the rest. A good journey to you, my worthy relation. Be easy. We will fulfill our promises in the best way, and your domains will pass into good hands." He returned to the castle with a high head, his hat jauntily on one side. In passing near Job, he struck the poor dog rudely with the pommel of his sword. "Thus shall I beat all who will not bend." That day the servants of that house forgot to sing their joyous Christmas songs in the evening. All around the castle was as it were an atmosphere of woe; each had a presentiment of some fatal event.

Tremi threaded, at a gallop, the tortuous paths of the forest. In place of following the better marked roads, he buried himself as if only guided by whim, in the deepest thickets. Ever as he advanced, the aspect of the country became more sombre, nature more savage. Gigantic briars darted from tree to tree like the wild vines of the virgin forests of the new world. Here and there, in the midst of a glade where the rush and the broom were growing, a poor cabin smoked, and animated the picture with a melancholy life. After half a league passed over at the full gallop, the old gentleman was compelled to slacken his course. The forest became utterly impracticable. He fastened his horse to an oak, near which was already grazing the steed of his equerry, who could not be far off. A few moments after he came up to his faithful servant, who was waiting for him, seated on the iron coffer.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WOLF DEN.

At half an hour's journey from the eastern limit of the forest of Rennes, far from every village, and in the centre of the deepest thickets is a profound ravine, whose steep and rocky declivity is planted with trees rising far aloft, mingled here and there with close shrubberies of holly and clumps of reeds that attain an extraordinary height. A slender thread of water runs, in the rainy season, through the bottom of this glen; in the summer every trace of moisture disappears, and the bed of the brook is marked only by the green line which the rising grass traces amidst the yellow and dry moss. The ravine runs north and south. One of its sides, that towards the south, is occupied by a high wood of oaks; the other rises almost perpendicularly, wooded towards the base, then bare and naked like a heath up for a considerable height. The bald head of the rock penetrates the surface at every step between the tufts of furze. Large clefts open here and there, bordered by dwarf cypress trees, and by yews with their dark foliage.

In 1719 the aspect of this spot was more sombre still, if that be possible. At the summit of the slope we have just been describing, two round towers of good masonry, which must have formed part of a wind-mill in former days, elevated their chinked walls which from time immemorial threatened to fall in complete ruins. All around, the grass disappeared under the rubbish. Some steps to the right the soil had been flung up, and retained traces of antique works. Here and there deep trenches were discovered, whose margins now rounded by time, had originally been perpendicular, like the shaft of a quarry or a mine. On the other side of the elevation, the face of the wall announced that some considerable construction had existed in this place. All these remains of ancient edifices were greatly anterior to the windmills, and yet they even were crumbling with old age. To mount to the origin of the older structures, and give an explanation of their destination evidently industrial, it would be necessary, overleaping the

"ARCHED ROCK," ISLAND OF MACKINAC, LAKE MICHIGAN.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the New York Illustrated News, represents the singular Arched Rock of Lake Michigan. The Arched Rock has been excavated by the action of water in a projecting angle of the limestone cliff, and the top of the span is about ninety feet above the lake level, surmounted by about ten feet of rock. At the base of a projecting angle, which rises up like a buttress, there is a small opening, through which an explorer may pass to the main arch, where, after clambering over the steep slope of debris, and the projecting edges of the strata, he reaches the brow of the cliff. It is evident that the denuding action reducing such an opening, with other attendant phenomena, could only have operated while near the level of a large body of water like the great lake itself; and we find a striking similarity between the denuding action of the water here in time past, and the same action as now manifested in the range of the *Pictured Rocks* on the shores of Lake Superior.

-rvals of the middle ages, to go back to the -ge or spiritual periods of the Roman domination. But we can assure you that in the -ed of Russia, at the beginning of the -ty-ninth century, the number of learned men, archæologists, or antiquaries, was very limited; so we must leave the origin of these edifices unaccounted for.

Precisely in front and below the ruined windmills, the ravine grew suddenly narrow, so much so that the large trees that hung on the two slopes, joined their thick branches, and formed an impenetrable vault. This immense arbor, black, gloomy, cavernous, bore the name of the Wolf Den.

The traveller, losing his way, who traversed at hazard this savage scene, would not observe at first any trace of human habitations. Everywhere solitude; silence everywhere; broken only by those thousand voices which make themselves heard where Nature is left to herself. You would have thought yourself in the profundity of a desert. Nevertheless, an examination more attentive would have discovered, half hidden by a thicket of ash trees, a little hut of earth, covered with thatch; its sole window rigged up with shreds of pack cloth, doing the duty of panes of glass. This hut leant on one of the two towers. Its wretched look, so far from brightening the spot, threw over all that was around it a reflection of distress and abandonment.

It was, as we have seen, at the Wolf Den that Treml had appointed his rendezvous with Jude. That good servant was at his post before day. Whilst he waits patiently for his master, seated on the hundred thousand livres which represented the wealthy domain of Treml, let us lift the shred of sail cloth that shuts the poor thatched cot, and turn our curious gaze within. The hut consisted of a single chamber. The moveables were one truckle bed, and two foot-stools. Instead of plank, the ground bare and damp; in place of ceiling, the reverse side of the covering, that is to say, the thatch, supported by poles that did duty as rafters. In a corner a little straw; on the straw a lad asleep. On the truckle bed another man lying awake; an old man whom age and disease have reduced to an extreme feebleness. He was suffering; his two hands pressed on his breast, showed a desire to stifle a plaint.

The man who lay on the bed, and he who slept on the straw, had a striking resemblance to each other. Their features were equally pale and as it were dimmed out; both had snow white hair. Evidently father and son; but age had whitened the father's hair; while the young man, an exceptional being, had borne from his birth this usual mark of decrepitude. He was John Blanc, the Albino.

A pang more acute forced from the father a plaintive cry. John bounded from the rumpled straw of his bed in an instant, and was on his feet. He approached the bed and took his father's hand, which he pressed in silence to his heart.

"I am thirsty," said Matthew Blanc.

John seized a cracked porringer, in which remained some drops of a drink, and held it to his father, who drank with avidity.

"I am still thirsty," murmured the old man, after having drunk; "very thirsty."

John ran his eyes over the cabin; there was nothing.

"I will haste to my work, father," he cried, grasping his axe; "I have slept too long, I'll bring you a cordial."

Old Matthew turned back painfully on his bed; but just as John was leaving the threshold, he called him back.

"Stop; I suffer more when I am alone."

John laid down his axe, and returned towards the bed.

"I will remain, father. When you fall asleep, I will run to the castle, and ask what is needed, from Nicholas Treml, who never refuses."

"Never!" said Matthew, slowly. "He is a gentleman; he does not forget his servant when he has no longer an arm to work or to fight. He despises not the child, because his hair is of a color different from men's. May God bless him. John, my memory is feeble, for I am old. But yet I think I remember. Have not you told me that the son of Nicholas Treml is in great danger?"

"He is dead two years ago, my father."

"It is true; my memory is weak. The son of his son, then? the last offspring of Treml?"

"I told you so, father."

"What is the danger, child," cried the old man, with feverish excitement. "Cannot I help him?"

John cast a sad look on his father's enfeebled body.

"Pray!" said he, "it is for me to act. Yesterday, from the top of a tree I had climbed, I saw from a distance Nicholas Treml returning from Rennes, where the States are met."

"A noble and valiant assembly, John."

"It was so formerly, father. I came down in order to salute our lord, according to my custom, but his thoughts were so taken up, that he passed near me without seeing me. I followed him. He talked to himself, and I heard his words."

"What was he saying?"

The features of the Albino contracted suddenly; and an irresistible convulsion set all the muscles of his face into play. He burst out a laughing.

"What was he saying," repeated the father.

John, instead of replying, began to gambol through the room, singing a monotonous chorus of the country. His father made a vehement gesture of grief, and turned towards the wall, as if he were accustomed to these sad displays of folly. The state of the case was this: John, whilst he idled, though the good people of the forest thought him one, was subject to frequent derangements of mind, which left him in a moral lassitude and habitual melancholy. His physical deformity and the uncertain weakness that fell at fits on his faculties of mind, made him a being apart; this he well knew; and perceiving himself inferior to his coarse companions, whom he far surpassed in his lucid hours, he carefully concealed his superiority, shut himself up within his own heart, and affected strange manias, which he placed as a barrier between him and the crowd. Half maniac, half misanthrope, he was at times a voluntary buffoon, at times really crazed. To his father alone, a poor old man dying in misery, he showed himself without veil, and discovered the treasures of filial tenderness that lay in the depths of his soul.

As to Nicholas Treml, the Albino had for him a devotion without bounds. But John Blanc, hoop-cutter, the unhappy creature to whom the Deity had refused so much as the appearance of a man, carried within an indomitable pride. He restricted by his own act, the favors of his castled lord to him; he would take nothing but absolute necessaries. Then Treml, exclusively occupied with his ideas of resistance to the encroachments of the crown, was unaware of the extent of Matthew's destitution. He had said, once for all, to his steward, to refuse nothing to his old servant's son, and he left details to this man. Allan detested John, and fulfilled badly towards him the generous intentions of his master; but John did not think it worth while to complain. When he encountered, by accident, De Tremlaye in the paths of the forest, he spoke to him of George, whom he passionately loved, and enveloped in mysterious hints the suspicions he had conceived of Henry de Vannoy. These interviews had a strange character. The seignor and the vassal treated each other as equals; for the former had a sincere pity for the latter, and the latter devoted but haughty beyond measure, found a strange enjoyment in enwrapping himself in his craziness as in a mantle, which permitted him to throw aside all ceremony.

John Blanc continued nearly half an hour a prey to his present fit of delirium. He leaped, and growled within his teeth, "I am the white rabbit; the white rabbit." Then he laughed a laugh bitter and sarcastic, yet full of suffering. But at the height of the fit he paused suddenly, and his red eyes lost its expression of feverish transport. He placed his head quickly at the window, and threw an eager look in the direction of the Wolf Den. Just then Nicholas Treml and his equerry came forth from the ravine, and mounted the opposite steep. John threw himself out of doors; but whilst he was reaching the door, the master and servant had disappeared behind the great trees. This is what the two were doing:

CHAPTER V.

THE HOLLOW OF THE OAK.

In the centre of the Wolf's Den rose the trunk of an oak of colossal dimensions. It elevated its high and knotty roots along the inclined plane of the slope; its branches, as large as common trees, radiated in every direction, and formed as it were the key stone of the vault of verdure which covered this part of the ravine. There were current in the district various traditionary reports about this giant tree, and the two towers that crowned the southern slope of the glen. They affirmed, for one thing, that the tree rose directly above a vast subterranean cave, the entrance to which lay in the foundations of one of the two towers. Nobody had ever thought of testing this report; an apathy quite characteristic of Bretons; consequently every one was sure of its truth. Only opinions were divided as to the origin of this cave, which, in the memory of man, had not been explored. Some pretended they were old pits from which in the old time they drew the iron ore; others rejecting this shopkeeper opinion, affirmed that this boundless cave ran in all directions under the forest, and met those of the manor house of Bouexis, where tradition placed one of the centres of resistance to the contract of union with France, in the time of the good duchess Anne, that princess so popular, whose acts are accursed, whose memory is adored. According to this second hypothesis, the cave had been a refuge or place of assembly for the first conspirators who, in High Brittany, bore the name of the Breton Brothers. However this might be, the man who doubted the existence of the cave would have been put down as an ignoramus or an idiot.

No trace, to be sure, of its neighborhood could be seen; it must have been wonderfully deep in the ground, for the oak reached almost the bottom of the ravine, and its roots must have penetrated the soil very deeply. The circumference of the tree was enormous; and whilst no sign of decay appeared in its vivid green of foliage, the trunk, completely destitute of pith, sustained itself only by its woody exterior layers, and by its bark. Two large holes gave entrance to the interior, which formed a chamber, in which with ease ten men could have sat. It was at the foot of this oak that De Tremlayes rejoined his equerry. The old gentleman was pale. The bitter thoughts which he kept down in his heart were reflected on his grim visage. Jude was dressed and armed as for a long journey. At the approach of his master he rose and pointed with his finger to the coffer.

"It is well," said Nicholas Treml.

He went down on his knees beside the coffer, which he unlocked; drawing from his bosom the parchment signed by Hervey de Vannoy, he concealed it under the gold pieces.

"Now," murmured he, shutting the coffer again, "poor or rich, the Tremls will be able to reclaim their heritage, and treachery will be vanquished, if treachery befall."

Of all this Jude understood not a whit, and stood motionless, ready to execute an order, let it be what it might. He was a man of robust frame, and features strongly drawn. His cheek bones protruded angularly and sharply from the contour of his cheek, and gave his features that character of coarseness which usually the Breton type presents. He wore his hair long, and his grayish beard rolled like a thick collar round his neck. His costume, the same as that of his lord, would have been fashionable a hundred years before, and on looking at the huge length of his rapier with its iron guard, you might have supposed that the times of knight errantry and of steel coats of mail were not yet gone. For in Brittany time does not fly; it marches solemnly along; its wings grow weak and heavy at the wintry contact of the Armorican atmosphere. Customs are stronger than time; they drag or remain immoveable.

As to his moral part, Jude was one of those honest natures fashioned to passive submission, and who have from infancy given over their will by feudal tenure to a paramount will. Jude obeyed; that was his profession, the part he had to play; but his obedience was devotion, not servility. People in our days cannot understand these tacit and irrevocable contracts, which made of master and servant, a one whole, possessing two forces, and charming both to the service of a single will. Domestic service carries with it now-a-days the idea of the abject; justly or not, this idea weighs heavy on an entire class of our society; but in those epochs when vassalage rose organized from the serf to the sovereign through all the stages of a system, complete and without breaks, the valet was to his seignor what the seignor was to the king. Valets in short were vassals. Do not be surprised, then, if we make a difference between Jude and a hired servant. We keep by the facts of the case. Jude, all disposed as he was to obey passively and without discussion, kept unimpaired his dignity as a man. His obedience had the same source, if not the same bearing, as the devotedness of a high baron to the person of the king.

When Treml had shut the coffer again, with its double padlock, he threw an anxious look around.

"Are we alone?" asked he, in a low tone; "quite alone?"

Jude made a minute scrutiny of the surrounding thickets.

"We are alone," replied he.

"It is because," continued the old gentleman, placing his hand on the coffer, "the life and fortune of Treml lie here, my man; here is my secret, the hope of my race; and my dearest friend would run the risk of his life if he surprised me here at this moment."

"Should I withdraw?" said Jude.

"No; you are part of myself. I know that you would die, rather than betray me."

Jude laid his hand on his heart.

"You are here alone," he repeated.

Treml threw a second look on the underwood around. Then he looked up:

"What is that?" said he, perceiving behind the ruins the lodge of Matthew Blanc.

"It is nothing," Jude responded. "The white rabbit sleeps, and his father is dying."

A shadow passed over the forehead of the old gentleman.

"John Blanc," murmured he.

The remembrance of the scene of the preceding evening crossed his spirit like a menace or an evil omen.

"The poor lad," said Jude, "is no favorite with master Allan. God knows what will become of him during our absence."

Nicholas Treml held out his silk purse to Jude, who understood and threw it, as if from a sling, over the trees. The purse, adroitly directed, fell exactly on the threshold of the hut.

"Now to work," said the old man.

With the aid of Jude, he carried the iron coffer into the hollow of the oak. This place served as a store-house to John Blanc, and contained his tools, as well as many faggots of chestnut branches.

Jude took a pick-axe and began to dig.—After an hour's work, hard because of the nature of the soil, all veined with roots, the coffer was buried and covered with earth. Jude put back things so skillfully in their place, that no one could have suspected that the earth had been disturbed. The sun was rising, and was already throwing his beams over the tops of the trees.

"To our journey!" said Nicholas Treml. "The road is long, and I am in great haste to get to the end of it."

The master and servant went over the slope with hasty steps. It was at this moment that John came out of the hut and saw them. Endowed as he was with marvellous agility, he bounded along the descent, and soon reached the part of the thicket where Treml had disappeared. But he gained through the under wood, and when he arrived at the open path, he heard from a distance the galloping of two horses. He darted forward anew. The horses went like the wind; do what he could, he could not gain on them. Then by a sudden inspiration, he climbed an oak with the nimbleness of a squirrel, and gained the top in a few seconds. He saw two horses which took the direction of Fougeres.

"Nicholas Treml!" cried he, in a voice of desperation.

The old gentleman turned in the saddle, yet continued his course.

John Blanc made a trumpet of his two hands, and sounded forth the song of Arthur of Brittany. For a moment you would have thought this expedient was to produce the effect which he expected.

Nicholas stopped, undecided; but speedily passing his hand over his brow, as if to chase away importunate thoughts, he dashed the spurs into his horse's flanks.

John Blanc descended, and regained in silence the Wolf Den. Near the threshold of the cabin, he saw an object shining among the rubbish, in the sunbeams. It was the purse of the Baron. A tear came into the eyes of John.

"God guide him," he murmured. "He is good. He thinks he is doing right."

He sat down on the threshold, and remained in pensive thought.

"Poor Master George," said he, after a long silence. "Alone, in the hands of this man. But the rabbit can gnaw like a wolf, to defend or avenge those whom it loves.—I'll try."

The last voice that Nicholas Treml heard on his domains was that of John Blanc, whose chant, melancholy and menacing, saluted him on his departure like a bad presage. It needed all the old man's force of soul, and that stubborn obstinacy proper to the Breton character, to overcome the sad thoughts which assailed his heart. He thrust far from him the image of George, and continued his route. He wished, evidently, no one to know the way he went, for after having gone two leagues in the direction of Couesnon and the sea, he turned sharp round, passed Vitry, and gained the road to Laval, leaving on the right the beautiful meadows where the Villaire winds on its way. Between Laval and Vitry, a little under the large town of Ernee, which played twenty years later a great part in the wars of the Chouans, there rose, on a little hillock, two stumps of pillars, whose heads had been broken off. The two pillars were six feet apart; separated by two trenches, between which you could still see the worm-eaten remains of a barrier. Nicholas Treml stopped his horse and uncovered his head.—Jude Leker did the same.

"A few steps more, and we shall be on enemy's ground, the land of France. Whilst our feet still touch the soil of our country, we must offer up a prayer to our God—the God of our native land."

The two paused, and prayed devoutly.

"Once these pillars had heads," said the old gentleman. "This one, ours, bore an escutcheon, ermines, surmounted by a ducal crown. The other carried an azure escutcheon, with three golden lilies. On this side of the barrier, was stationed a Breton man-at-arms; on that side, a French man-at-arms. The soldiers looked each other in the face; the emblems were arranged haughtily a lance-distance from one another; Dreux and Valois were equals.

"A glorious time," sighed Jude. "Dreux is no more. Bourbon has stolen his heritage, and Brittany is but a province. But God is just; He will make my arm strong. Come!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHEAP INTOXICATION.—A correspondent signing himself "Sweet Nitre," writes:—"There is a very cheap process of becoming intoxicated without paying a penny to the excise for the stimulant. It cannot be doubted for a moment that the enormous quantity of sweet spirit of nitre sold is not taken medicinally. When taken with hot water and a lump of sugar it is tolerably palatable, and at one shilling per pound, as sold by many tradesmen, any poor old woman, opium eater, or other, whose habits of intemperance are very great, can for about from three to sixpence acquire their miserable object. As a chemist of several years' standing, I can vouch for the numerous stomachaches which have to be cured by that wolf in sheep's clothing."

☞ The celebrated Dr. Bentley, of Salem, was noted for his pertinacity in refusing to exchange with his brethren. Having been asked his reason, he said that "he was not going to have any strange hogs rooting round in his sty."

☞ GOOD, ANTHONY.—At the dinner-table of a hotel, somewhere in Ohio, not long since, a "green un," unable to restrain the cravings of his appetite, pitched into a large dish of rice before him. A waiter mildly informed him that it was intended for dessert, and that he had better eat something else first. Greeny replied:

"Desert be blamed, I don't care if it's a wilderness, it's good, and I'm going to eat it."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

MINISTERS.

Under the head of "Plagiarism a Disease," a writer in the "Western Christian Advocate" states that many clergymen, seduced by ambition, have "tampered with this insidious vice" and "fallen into this grievous and disastrous immorality."

He mentions having heard one pronounce as his own, "one of Spurgeon's sermons, almost entire." On another occasion, he says, "I heard one of Melville's inimitable discourses from an obscure rural pulpit. A young lady of the congregation went home and read it to us from the printed volume. The rest of us would have been deceived but for this one only person who was familiar with the brilliant London preacher. I could multiply examples." Such a plagiarist, he says, is "an unreal, disingenuous, immoral man," and his "larcenies and lies" ought, he thinks, when detected, to bring him to "the penitentiary."

If Plagiarism be a disease, and especially if it be a wide-spread one among any particular class of men, we shall probably find reasons for it being so. If any neighborhood be especially liable to certain forms of sickness, the wise physician begins to suspect there is something wrong, not so much in the people who obstinately persist in getting sick, as in the character of their surroundings. Disease is often merely the revolt of nature against the over-burden of care, or a deficient or ill-chosen diet. And if so mean a thing as Plagiarism be found to be breaking out among the ministerial fraternity, probably the reason is that the ministerial mind is overworked, and deception resorted to in order to supply the deficiencies of exhausted nature.

It has often seemed to us that to demand of any average man the production of more than one written sermon a week, was asking for more than the average intellect was capable of supplying. For it seems to us that of all the work a man is called to do, the writing of a sermon belongs to that class to which he should be expected to devote the very best ability that is in him. Time should first be taken for deep and soleman thought; and then only a fresh and unexhausted spirit should be devoted to the purposes of composition. In this way what is best and holiest in the minister's nature might be brought forth once a week, to refresh and counsel and sustain his congregation.

It seems to us that to write two good and fresh sermons every week, must be beyond the compass of the great majority of ministers—even if they had the whole uninterrupted week to do it in. But they have not the whole week, as every one knows who knows of the visits to parishioners, the attendance at marriages and burials, and the other common weekly duties of a pastor's life.

We grant that where extemporaneous sermons are allowed in the pulpit, and the minister has a gift of extemporaneous speaking, it is different. Here the great labor of writing is avoided, and even the mere mechanical part of writing a sermon is considerable, as any person will find who sits down simply to copy forty or fifty pages of manuscript. But even in the case of extemporaneous sermons, unless a good deal of thought is given to the matters treated of, such discourses are in danger of becoming superficial, the quoted texts of Scripture inaccurate, the images confused, and the sermon as a whole lamentably without point and imperfect.

Why should not a Minister be allowed to select a good sermon from a book, and read it occasionally, or even regularly, in place of his own? For our part, we would much rather hear a minister read the admirable sermon of some gifted spirit, than a poor one of his own composition. Indeed, if any minister in our vicinity were to announce a course of well selected sermons for Sunday evenings, we should delight in going to hear them. Thousands would gladly listen to the celebrated sermons of the great divines, who would never read them for themselves.

This is the natural cure, it seems to us, of the disease of plagiarism, so far as it has broken out among the ministerial fraternity. Poor, overworked minds and souls, we sympathize with you more than we blame you. And if we can aid in the least in moderating the extravagant intellectual and spiritual labors now thoughtlessly required of ministers, we shall consider we are doing not only them, but the world at large some service.

DEMPSTER.

After a retirement of several years, Mr. Dempster, the celebrated vocalist, has again appeared before the public. These years of retirement have not been wasted, and the result is a number of new songs which must scarcely fail to enhance the fame of the artist, and the enjoyment of his hearers. Tennyson's poetry is a great favorite with Mr. Dempster, and he has taken the numerous songs scattered through "The Princess" and the "Idyls of the King," and set them to his own ravishing music. The songs from the "Idyls of the King"—"Trust me not at all, or All in All," the "Song of Love and Death," and "Too Late," are very beautiful. The clear and rich tones of Mr. Dempster's voice—the richest and sweetest male voice we think we ever heard—are peculiarly suited to such songs as these.

Among other new songs that Mr. Dempster has composed, are the "Break, Break, Break upon thy Crags, oh Sea!" to which a new significance is given by the statement that it is supposed to have been written by the poet as he wandered along the seashore, after the death of his friend Arthur Hallam; the "Deserted Road," by T. B. Read; and "A Doubting Heart," by Miss Adelaide Procter. The music of the first of the above is particularly beautiful.

"The May Queen"—perhaps Mr. Dempster's masterpiece in musical composition—is an old favorite of the public, but always welcome. Never probably is that song sung without there being a number of tearful eyes in the room. Some persons, with the wounds of bereaved hearts too recent to bear even the gentle touch of music, shrink altogether from hearing this sad and affecting composition.

In conclusion we commend Mr. Dempster to the encouragement of the lovers of good and pure music everywhere. They can hardly avoid feeling better and more kindly after an evening spent at one of his concerts.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

MRS. B. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.*
MRS. M. B. GRIER, *Ch'rm'n.* } Ex-Officio.
Miss M. M. DUANE.
MRS. LATHROP.
MRS. W. H. FURNESS.
MRS. GEORGE PLITT.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We would like to write a separate letter to each of you this morning, expressing our appreciation of the work which you have been doing in your respective sections, towns and Societies; but this is impossible. How pleasant it would be if you could drop in upon us here, and see how our share of this work is done. In the long room that opens from the street, the unpacking, assorting and re-packing of the boxes which you have sent us, is attended to. The flannel shirts are all packed in one box, the flannel drawers in another, and so with all articles sent; each box being kept open until "it is filled with its kind," when it is closed, and marked upon the outside with the number and description of the garments within. It is then ready for shipment, and is forwarded as soon as the requisition is made.

Back of this room is our little office, where the work of keeping the books, filing and directing circulars, papers and pamphlets, and the answering of letters goes on. We will make a few quotations from letters just received. One of the Sanitary Commission Inspectors in the Army of the Potomac, writes to Mr. Bloor, Assistant Secretary at Washington:—

"I find myself deeply interested in the Hospital cases: being shown every day how to suffer without complaining. I wish you could see how altered is the appearance of the cots since our white pillows and spiced quilts have decorated them. Oh! the change of a pole bed with leaves thrown over it, for a nice bed-sack, filled with hay! The poor fellows appreciate these things; and bless those who provide them. I think that we ought to be thankful that we have the privilege of giving out these articles."

Mr. Bloor adds, in his letter to us:—

"It is apparent that every effort will be required for obtaining sufficient supplies of blankets, quilts, woolen underclothing, (particularly drawers,) stimulants, jellies and farinacia."

The next letter bears the post-mark of a town in Juniata County. We have grown familiar with the hand-writing; as with that of many whose faces we have never seen; becoming so interested in our correspondence with them, that their letters seem almost like the faces of friends to us. Those who have enlisted in this "work of God and humanity," are drawn together by close ties of sympathy. The letter reads:—

"We find it difficult to keep up the interest in our Circle. We have a few faithful workers; but many say, '*Let Government provide; we pay our taxes.*'"

We lay aside this letter, and take up the next; wishing from our hearts, that we

could have the opportunity of expressing our sentiments to those persons who would permit our husbands, our sons, and our brothers to die for want of the comforts which no Government has ever been able to provide without assistance, in the days that follow a battle. This is from another unknown, yet well-known correspondent—one whom we cannot help looking forward to meeting some day: if not in dwellings below, in mansions prepared above, for those who do our Heavenly Father's work faithfully while here:—

"I fully endorse your views about the sending of supplies regularly, and not crowding everything into a few weeks' labor. I will do all I can to equalize our efforts; but I tell you candidly that I fear it will be impossible to awaken general interest, excepting in time of a battle; but what we can do, we will. I would like some more circulars and pamphlets. I believe it to be of great importance to send them out extensively. Generally, we have a short article prepared weekly for our county papers, trying to present the merits of the Commission in a proper light. Oh, that all might feel an interest in this glorious work."

The following lines are from one whose letters always warm and cheer our hearts:—

"I am availing myself of every opportunity to advance the holy cause, to which our blessed Lord is pleased to call us in aid of our suffering soldiers. Several of the Aid Societies which I have visited lately, I am happy to find are nobly pursuing their good work. Some of these Societies, previously organized, had exhausted their funds; but since our appeal, they are having festivals, concerts, soldier's dinners, &c., by which money is afforded them to carry out their benevolent wishes. The Soldier's Aid here, which struggled into existence under many discouragements, was cheered this summer by the liberality of some ladies from Philadelphia, staying near by.—With one donation they purchased sugar, and turned out, matrons and others, to pick blackberries, from which they have made six gallons of wine; which will be forwarded when fit for use. My duties in twenty-seven townships, prevent my uniting with any one Society. The letters that I receive from the young ladies who are Secretaries of the various societies, are so interesting, that I wish you could read them; but you doubtless receive many of the same high-toned character, elicited by the holy spirit that actuates the hearts of own women."

We cannot refrain from giving the following letter nearly entire, as showing how the scattered seed springs up, and bears its fruit a hundred fold.

"Cor. Sec. W. P. B.

"Dear Madam,—The ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society of Covington have taken great pleasure in preparing, and this day send to "the Women's Penna. Branch 1 barrel, 1 box clothing, 1 box jellies." * * * "For some four months or more I have been receiving, through the kindness of some person unknown to me, a weekly copy of the 'Saturday Evening Post,' in the columns of which I *never fail* to see the encouraging reports of the 'Sanitary Commission,'—that heaven blessed organization that has sent comfort and relief to so many of the heroic but suffering defenders of our liberty. An organization which has from its thoroughly systematic and efficient working, inspired the hearts of many *doubting* ones to bring their offerings with renewed zeal, in the full confidence that with the 'Sanitary Commission' to control their distribution, there is no longer fear that these gifts of loving wives, mothers and sisters, afford simply material for speculation.

"The day preceding the packing of our boxes, I took my horse and carriage and drove out among our farmers to see what I could do in the way of gathering up dried fruit. From many persons I met this objection—'If I were only sure the soldiers would get them I would give freely.' Then it was, I assure you, Mrs. Moore, that your reports of the blessed work that the Commission has been doing all over our land were a tower of strength to me. In every instance where I gave a faithful synopsis of the system of working, and the careful reports of everything contributed, the reply was made: "'I have not seen anything of this kind. In what paper is it published?' and the requested donation was sure to follow. I mention this to show you that among the thousands who are benefitted by your efforts, we too are your debtors.

"I suppose there is scarcely a copy of the Post taken in Covington; therefore few persons here know of the vast amount of good of which your association is the medium. Nor should I, had the paper not fallen into my hands as I have stated to you. With my earnest wishes for continued and increased success in your blessed work, allow me to subscribe myself,

"Very respectfully yours,

"Fannie A. Dyer, Cor. Sec."

We mention here that any Societies desiring printed matter, giving information of the workings of the Commission, for circulation in their neighborhood, can have pamphlets and circulars sent to them by applying to an associate manager in their county, or by writing directly to this office for them.

One more quotation from a letter written by a lady connected with another branch—a letter which we should feel that we could scarcely take the liberty of quoting from had it not been sent to us for the purpose by the lady to whom it was addressed.

The familiar hand-writing brings up to us almost as freshly as a portrait the bright young face of the writer, whom we cannot but reverence for giving up (so much of her time) the luxuries of one of the loveliest of homes, to devote herself to a work, such as few women would be able to do, even if called to it, as she has been.

"There has been no stronger 'loyal league' throughout our loyal states than this interest in the soldiers of the Union, kept alive by the aid societies of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. There is no better passport than a certificate of membership in one of these societies to insure one the warmest greeting and heartiest welcome throughout almost every village from New England to the far West—for have we not all been working for each others' sons and brothers, as well as our own? The soldier in the hospital may feel that he is indebted for his comforts to the loyal women of any and every state.

"A wounded rebel prisoner asked one of our inspectors the meaning of the stamp, 'U. S. Sanitary Commission.' 'What?' said he, 'have you women in your army?' 'The women are the back-bone of our army,' was the reply. 'We have 12,000 of them working for us all the time.' 'I shall never fight against these women again,' was the rejoinder. It was a low estimate, only one division of the grand army who have enlisted 'for the war;' and who never mean to lay aside their arms until every suffering soldier of the Union has every care and comfort that this world can give him. God grant that we may be faithful to this trust."

I doubt not, my dear friends, but that those earnest words will awaken in each and all of your hearts, the response, "We will be faithful." We know and appreciate the difficulties that you have to contend with; but your success in the past makes us hopeful for the future—hopeful that others seeing your good works will gather around you, encouraging you by their sympathy and assistance, even as you have encouraged us. "As long as the men fight, the women must knit and sew, and the friends at home furnish means to alleviate the sorrows and wants of the camps and hospitals. It is the woman's part in the patriotic struggle we are in."

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Women's Aid, Moyamensing, E. H. Haven, Sec'y, 1 package.
Omissions from previous week.
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Ladies' Aid, Darby, 1 box.
Ladies' Aid, Flemington, Clinton county, 1 box.
Ladies' Aid, New London, Chester county, Mrs. Sarah Gawthrop, Sec'y, 2 boxes.
Annie A. Watson, 1 package.
Aid Society, Pittston, Luzerne county, Mrs. M. T. Robertson, Sec'y, 1 box.
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Ladies' Aid, Williamsport, Lycoming county, Miss Lucie A. Snyder, Sec'y, 1 box and 1 keg.
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Anonymous, 1 package.
A Friend, 1 package.
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PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2693 head. The prices realized from 6 to 10 cents ℔ lb 100 Cows brought from $30 to 80 ℔ head. 6000 Sheep were sold at from 4½ to 5 cts ℔ lb gross. 970 Hogs at from $6,00 to 8,25 ℔ cwt net.

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

Washington, Oct. 28.—During Friday night the enemy constructed pontoon bridges, which they laid across the Rappahannock near the Orange and Alexandria Railroad bridge, and the next morning a large portion of their infantry crossed and drove back Gregg's division of cavalry, and subsequently engaged with two brigades of our infantry, respectively of the 2nd and 3rd Corps. For a half hour or more the contest was quite sharp, both sides losing a considerable number.

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Miscellaneous.

Memphis advices to the 23d instant have come to hand. Corinth is again filled with soldiers, and Sherman's advance, under Osterhaus, has had a sharp engagement with the enemy, who are said to be under Gen. S. D. Lee, Gen. Roddy, and others, contesting his junction with the forces of Hooker, as well as our own? The soldier in the hospital may feel that he is indebted for his comforts to the loyal women of any and every state.

"A wounded rebel prisoner asked one of our inspectors the meaning of the stamp, 'U. S. Sanitary Commission.' 'What?' said he, 'have you women in your army?' 'The women are the back-bone of our army,' was the reply. 'We have 12,000 of them working for us all the time.' 'I shall never fight against these women again,' was the rejoinder. It was a low estimate, only one division of the grand army who have enlisted 'for the war;' and who never mean to lay aside their arms until every suffering soldier of the Union has every care and comfort that this world can give him. God grant that we may be faithful to this trust."

I doubt not, my dear friends, but that those earnest words will awaken in each and all of your hearts, the response, "We will be faithful." We know and appreciate the difficulties that you have to contend with; but your success in the past makes us hopeful for the future—hopeful that others seeing your good works will gather around you, encouraging you by their sympathy and assistance, even as you have encouraged us. "As long as the men fight, the women must knit and sew, and the friends at home furnish means to alleviate the sorrows and wants of the camps and hospitals. It is the woman's part in the patriotic struggle we are in."

DONATIONS.

October 19th, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Mrs. Sill, 1 package.
A Friend through Miss Mager, 1 package.
St. Luke's Auxiliary Society, Mrs. J. James, Sec'y, 1 package.
Women's Aid, Moyamensing, E. H. Haven, Sec'y, 1 package.
Omissions from previous week.
Soldiers' Aid, Water street, Huntingdon co., 1 keg.
Ladies' Aid, Gibson, Susquehanna county, 1 box.
Ladies' Aid, Darby, 1 box.
Ladies' Aid, Flemington, Clinton county, 1 box.
Ladies' Aid, New London, Chester county, Mrs. Sarah Gawthrop, Sec'y, 2 boxes.
Annie A. Watson, 1 package.
Aid Society, Pittston, Luzerne county, Mrs. M. T. Robertson, Sec'y, 1 box.
Ladies' Aid Society, Westfield, Burlington co., N. J., 1 box.
Ladies' Aid, Milton, Northumberland county, 2 boxes.
Ladies' Aid, Williamsport, Lycoming county, Miss Lucie A. Snyder, Sec'y, 1 box and 1 keg.
Ladies' Soldier Relief Association, Bordentown, N. J., Mrs. Cornelia Carlisle, Sec'y, 1 box.
Mr. Frederick Brown, 1 gross essence of Jamaica ginger.
Soldiers' Aid, Elk Lake, Susquehanna county, 1 keg.
Ashland, Schuylkill county, Mrs. M. Thompson, Sec'y, 2 boxes.
School Lane, Mrs. Warner Johnson, 1 pkg.
Stamp for marking Sanitary articles, Mr. H. G. Elsenring.
Anonymous, 1 package.
A Friend, 1 package.
North Wales Institute, Gwynedd, Montgomery county, Mary J. Jacques, Sec'y, 1 box.
Soldiers' Aid Society, Montrose, Susquehanna county, Miss E. C. Blackman, Sec'y, 1 keg.
Sterlingville, Wyoming county, 1 box.
Ladies' Aid, Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county, Mrs. Loop, Sec'y, 1 box.
Ladies' Aid, Tamaqua, R. R. M'Cabe, Sec'y, 2 boxes.

☞ When James T. Brady first opened a lawyer's office, he took a basement room which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered. "The cobbler's gone, I see," he said. "I should think he had," responded Brady. "And what do ye sell?" he asked, looking at the solitary table and a few law-books. "Blockheads," responded Brady. "Begorra," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business—ye have but one left."

☞ Colonel Fisher describes a Chinese farmer as preparing to plant out some cabbages who first cut some cabbages up into little bits and laid them all about his lot, visiting them at intervals to kill all the insects they attracted, and after destroying the whole, he set out his plants without fear. The hint is an excellent one.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2693 head. The prices realized from 6 to 10 cents ℔ lb 100 Cows brought from $30 to 80 ℔ head. 6000 Sheep were sold at from 4½ to 5 cts ℔ lb gross. 970 Hogs at from $6,00 to 8,25 ℔ cwt net.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

By the Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER LVIII.

MAURICE DE CRESPIGNY'S REQUEST.

Richard Thornton had received Eleanor's letter in Edinburgh, and had been travelling perpetually since his receipt of the girl's eager epistle. He had calculated that by travelling day and night he should be able to accomplish a great achievement in the four days that were to elapse between the hour in which he received Eleanor's letter and the hour appointed for the interview with the Frenchman. This achievement was the reconciliation of Gilbert Monckton and his wife.

For this purpose the devoted young man had travelled from Edinburgh to London, and from London to Torquay, back to London again, with Mr. Monckton for his companion, and from London to Paris, still in that gentleman's companionship. Gilbert Monckton would have thought it a small thing to have given half his fortune in payment of the tidings which the scene painter carried to him.

He should see his wife again; his bright and beautiful young wife, whom he had so cruelly wronged, and so stupidly misunderstood.

Human nature is made up of contradictions. From the hour in which Gilbert Monckton had turned his back on Tolldale Priory, deserting his young wife in a paroxysm of jealous anger, until now, he had done nothing but repent of his own work. Why had he disbelieved in her? How had he been vile enough to doubt her? Had she not stood before him with the glorious light of truth shining out of her beautiful face? Even had he not already repented, Eleanor's letter would have opened the jealous husband's eyes to his own folly; that brief, offended letter in which the brave girl had repudiated her husband's offer of wealth and independence; and had declared her proud determination to go out into the world once more, and to get her own living, and to accept nothing from the man who doubted her truth.

The lawyer had made every effort to lure the lost bird back to its deserted nest. But if you render your wife's existence intolerable, and she runs away from you in despair, it is not always possible to bring her back to your halls; though you may be never again so penitent for your offences against her.

Gilbert Monckton had employed every possible means to discover his wife's whereabouts; but had failed most completely to do so. His search was futile; his advertisements were unanswered; and, very lonely and miserable, he had dragged out the last six weeks, in constant oscillation between London and Torquay; always making some new effort to obtain tidings of the missing girl; perpetually beguiled a little way onward with false hopes, only to be disappointed. He had gone again and again to Signora Picirillo; but had received no comfort from her, inasmuch as the music mistress knew no more about Eleanor than he did.

It is not to be wondered, then, that when Richard Thornton appeared at Torquay, carrying with him Eleanor's letter, he was received with open arms by the penitent husband. Not an hour was wasted by the eager travellers, but use what haste they might, they could not hasten the Dover express, or the Calais packets, or the comfortable jog trot pace of the train between Calais and Paris; so they had only been able to arrive at eight o'clock in the dusky April evening, just in time to behold Major Lennard in his moment of triumph.

Gilbert Monckton extended his hand to the stalwart soldier, after the events of the evening had been hurriedly related by Eleanor and her companion.

"You robbed me of a wife twenty years ago, Major Lennard," he said, "but you have restored another wife to me to-night."

"Then I suppose we're quits," the Major exclaimed, cheerfully, "and we can go back to the Palais and have a devilled lobster, hay? I suppose we must do something for this poor devil though, first, hay?"

Mr. Monckton heartily concurred in this suggestion; and Richard Thornton, who was better acquainted with Paris than any of his companions, ran down stairs, told the portress of the malady which had stricken down the lodger in the entresol, despatched the sharp young damsel with the shrill voice in search of a sick nurse, and went himself to look for a doctor. In a little more than half-an-hour both these officials had arrived, and Mr. Monckton and his wife, Major Lennard, and Richard departed, leaving the Frenchman in the care of his two compatriots. But before Gilbert Monckton left the apartment, he gave the nurse special orders respecting the sick man. She was not to let him leave his rooms upon any pretence whatever; not even if he should appear to become reasonable.

Mr. Monckton went to the Hotel du Palais with his young wife, and for the first time since he had been wronged, forgave the frivolous woman who had jilted him.—She had been very kind to Eleanor, and he was in a humor to be pleased with any one who had been good to his wife. So the lawyer shook hands very heartily with Mrs. Lennard, and promised that she should see her daughter before long.

"The poor little girl has had a hard trial lately, Mrs. Lennard, through my folly, and I owe her some atonement. I separated her from her natural protectors, because I was presumptuous enough to imagine that I was better fitted to plan her destiny; and after all I have wrecked her girlish hopes, poor child! But I don't think the damage is irreparable: I think she'll scarcely break her heart about Launcelot Darrell."

In all this time nobody had cared to ask any questions about the will. Eleanor had handed it to her husband; and Gilbert Monckton had put it, still folded, into his pocket. But when the devilled lobster and the sparkling Moselle, which the major insisted upon ordering, had been discussed, and the table cleared, Mr. Monckton took the important document from his pocket.

"We may as well look at poor De Crespigny's last testament," he said, "and see who has been most injured by the success of Launcelot Darrell's fabrication."

He read the first two sheets of the will to himself, slowly and thoughtfully. He remembered every word of those two first sheets. So far the real will was verbatim the same as the forged document: Gilbert Monckton could therefore now understand why that fabricated will had seemed so genuine. The fabrication had been copied from the original paper. It was thus that the forgery had borne the stamp of the testator's mind. The only difference between the two documents lay in the last and most important clause.

The lawyer read aloud this last sheet of Maurice de Crespigny's will.

"I devise and bequeath all the residue and remainder of my real and personal property unto Hortensia Bannister, the daughter of my old and deceased college friend George Vane, and my valued friend Peter Sedgewick, of Cheltenham, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, upon trust, for the sole and separate use of Eleanor, the daughter of my said dear deceased friend George Vane, by his last wife, Eleanor Thompson, during her life, free from the control, debts, or engagements of any husband she may at any time have, and so that she shall not have power to anticipate the rents, interest, and annual proceeds thereof; and upon and after her decease for such persons, estates, and in such manner as she shall, whether covert or uncovert, by will appoint; and in default of and subject to any such appointment, by the said Eleanor, the daughter of the said George Vane, to her heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, according to the nature of the said property. And in case the said Eleanor shall have departed this life during my life time, or in case the said last-named trustees cannot discover the said Eleanor Vane within four years after my decease, then they shall consider the said Eleanor Vane dead, and therefrom I give and devise the said residuary estates to be equally divided between my said three nieces, Sarah, Lavinia, and Ellen, absolutely."

"It is fortunate that the money is left to trustees for your separate use, Eleanor," Mr. Monckton said. "If it had been otherwise, the gift would have been invalid, since I, your husband, was one of the witnesses to the will."

A torrent of congratulations from Major and Mrs. Lennard, and Richard Thornton, almost overwhelmed Eleanor; but she was still more overwhelmed by her astonishment at the wording of the will.

"The money left to me!" she exclaimed. "I didn't want it. I am sorry it should be so. It will seem now as if I had been plotting to get this fortune. I don't want it; I only want my revenge."

Gilbert Monckton narrowly watched his wife's astonished face. He saw no look of triumph, no smile of gratification. At least she was free from any mercenary baseness. He took her a little way from the rest of the party, and looked earnestly into her fearless eyes.

"My own dear love," he said, "I have learned a hard lesson, and I believe that I shall profit by it. I will never doubt you again. But tell me, Eleanor, tell me once and forever! have you ever loved Launcelot Darrell? Have any of your actions been prompted by jealousy?"

"Not one," cried Mrs. Monckton. "I have never loved him, and I have never been jealous of him. From first to last I have been actuated by one motive, and one alone—the duty I owe to my dead father."

She had not abandoned her purpose, then. No; the lurid star that had beckoned her forward still shone before her. It was so near now, that its red splendor filled the universe. The young wife was pleased to be reconciled to her husband; but with the sense that he was restored to her once more, the memory of the dreary interval in which she had lost him melted away from her mind, and Launcelot Darrell—Launcelot Darrell, the destroyer of her dead father, became once more paramount in her thoughts.

"Oh, Gilbert!" she said, clasping her hands about her husband's arm and looking up in his face, "you'll take me back to England at once, won't you?"

"Yes, my dear," Mr. Monckton answered, with a sigh. "I'll do whatever you wish."

There was a jealous pain at his heart as he spoke. His wife was pure, and true, and beautiful, but this strange purpose of hers divided her from him; and left his own existence very blank.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE DAY OF RECKONING.

Launcelot Darrell and his mother had inhabited Woodlands for a little more than a fortnight. The patience, and paper-hangers, and upholsterers, had done a great deal to alter the handsome country-house; for Mr. Darrell had no wish to be reminded of his dead uncle; and familiar chairs and tables have an unpleasant faculty of suggesting tiresome thoughts, and recalling faded faces that had better be forgotten. Almost all the old furniture had been swept away, therefore, and the young man had behaved very generously to his maiden aunts, who had furnished a small house in Windsor with the things that Launcelot had banished from Woodlands. These poor disappointed ladies had located themselves in a quiet little *cul-de-sac*, squeezed in between the hilly street and the castle, with the idea that the wild dissipations of a town life would enable them to forget their wrongs.

So Launcelot Darrell and his mother reigned at Woodlands instead of the maiden-sisters; and Parker, the butler, and Mrs. Jepcott, the housekeeper, waited upon a new master and mistress.

The young man had chafed bitterly at his poverty, and had hated himself and all the world, because of those humiliations to which a man who is too idle to work, and too poor to live without work, is always more or less subject. But, alas! now that by the commission of a crime he had attained the great end of his ambition, he found that the game was not worth the candle; and that in his most fretful moments before Maurice de Crespigny's death he had never suffered as much as he now suffered, daily and hourly.

The murderers of the unfortunate Mr. Ware ate a hearty supper of pork chops while their victim lay, scarcely cold, in a pond beside the high road; but it is not everybody who is blessed with the strength of mind possessed by those gentlemen. Launcelot Darrell could not shake off the recollection of what he had done. From morning till night, from night till morning, the same thoughts, the same fears, were perpetually pressing upon him. In the eyes of every servant who looked at him; in the voice of every creature who spoke to him; in the sound of every bell that rang in the roomy country-house, there lurked a something that inspired the miserable terror of detection. If haunted him in every place; it met him at every turn. The knowledge that he was in the power of two bad, unscrupulous men, the lawyer's clerk, and Victor Bourdon, made him the most helpless of slaves. Already he had found what it was to be in the power of a vicious and greedy wretch. The clerk had been easily satisfied by the gift of a round sum of money, and had levanted before his employer returned from America. But Victor Bourdon became insatiable. He was a gamester and a drunkard; and he expected to find in Launcelot Darrell's purse a gold mine that was never to be exhausted.

He had abandoned himself to the wildest dissipation in the worst haunts of London after Maurice de Crespigny's death; and had appeared at Woodlands at all times and seasons, demanding enormous sums of his miserable victim. At first terror sealed Launcelot Darrell's lips, and he acceded to the most extravagant demands of his accomplice; but at last his temper gave way, and he refused that "paltry note for a thousand francs," to which the Frenchman alluded in his interview with Eleanor. After this refusal there was a desperate quarrel between the two men, at the end of which the commercial traveller received a thrashing, and was turned out of doors by the master of Woodlands.

The young man had been quite reckless of consequences in his passion; but when he grew a little calmer he began to reflect upon the issue of this quarrel.

"I cannot see what harm the man can do me," he thought; "to accuse me is to accuse himself also. And then who would believe his unsupported testimony? I could laugh at him as a madman."

Launcelot Darrell had no knowledge of the existence of the real will. He implicitly believed that it had been burned before his own eyes, and that Eleanor's assertion to the contrary had been only a woman's falsehood invented to terrify him.

"If the girl had once had the will in her possession, she would never have been such a fool as to lose it," he argued.

But notwithstanding all this he felt a vague fear, all the more terrible because of its indefinite character. He had placed himself in a false position. The poet is born and not made; and perhaps the same thing may be said of the criminal. The genius of crime, like the genius of song, may be a capricious blossom indigenous to such and such a soil, but not to be produced by cultivation. However this may be, Launcelot Darrell was not a great criminal. He had none of the reckless daring, the marvellous.

(*Continued on sixth page.*)

THE WIDOWED SWORD.

They have sent me the sword that my brave boy wore
On the field of his young renown—
On the last red field, where his fate was sealed,
And the sun of his days went down.

Away with tears
That are blinding me so;
There is joy in his years,
Though his young head be low;
And I'll gaze with a solemn delight evermore,
On the sword that my brave boy wore.

'Twas for freedom and home that I gave him away,
Like the sons of his race of old;
And though aged and gray, I am childless to-day—
He is dearer a thousand fold.
There's a glory above him
To hallow his name—
A land that will love him
Who died for its fame;
And a solace will shine, when my old heart is sore,
Round the sword that my brave boy wore.

All so noble, so true—how they stood, how they fell
In the battle, the plague and the cold;
Oh, as bravely and well as ere story could tell
Of the flowers of heroes of old.
Like a sword through the foe
Was that fearful attack,
That so bright ere the blow,
Comes so bloodily back;
And foremost among them his colors he bore—
And here is the sword that my brave boy wore.

It was kind of his comrades, ye know not how kind;
It is more than the ladies to me;
Ye know not how kind and how steadfast of mind
The soldier to sorrow can be.
They knew well how lonely—
How grievously wrung,
Is the heart that its only love
Loses so young;
And they closed his dark eye when the battle was o'er,
And sent his old father the sword that he wore.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

This is the house, young gentleman. See, the name is on the doorpost there, but you can hardly read it, it is so old. *Stromwetter!* we folks who were born in Copenhagen know well enough where Willis and Boomen live." So saying, the hackney coachman who had brought me from the quay where the steamers touched, proceeded to open the door of the clumsy leathern ark in which I was ensconced as sole passenger. The man's English was intelligible enough, English being almost as commonly understood in Denmark as it is in Holland; and I at once alighted, and looked with some curiosity at the mansion which was likely to be my residence for the next six or seven years. It was a large and lofty house, built of brick, that had been covered with plaster colored of various gaudy hues, after the old Danish fashion, but which had been turned to a dull maroon tint by stress of weather. The gables and heavy porch, the mullioned windows, and tarnished weathercocks on the turrets, spoke of a considerable antiquity, and there were ranges of warehouses abutting on the main building. But for these warehouses, erected probably in the ancient days when a merchant was never happy unless his goods were in close proximity to his dwelling, the house would have been isolated. On either hand stretched a tract of rubbish-strewed ground, and half-effaced foundations of demolished abodes.

"Ja, ja!" said the garrulous coachman, as he slowly heaved down my slender luggage from the footboard—"a good old firm that of Willis and Boomen, known and respected from New York to St. Petersburg, ay, and Archangel to boot!"

By this time the bell had been rung, and the porter had answered the summons. New to Denmark as I was, and, indeed, unused to any ways but those of London, I could not help giving a start of surprise at the sight of this important functionary, who had, I was afterwards told, been for thirty years in his present post. Jarl was a dwarf, but not one of those dwarfs whose puny stature inspires a contemptuous pity among ordinary mortals; on the contrary, he was a broad-built muscular personage, with long arms, immense hands, an enormous head, covered with grizzled hair, on which was perched a red Slavonian cap, and a face such as Rembrandt would have selected from a thousand—an ugly, shrewd face, with malice in every line of it, and with lips that wrinkled curiously in a peculiar smile, showing the strong, yellow teeth like those of a fierce dog.

"Ha," said Jarl, gruffly, "you are the young master from England? Welcome to Denmark! You may think it a queer place, perhaps, but you'll get used to it before you leave it." And the porter grinned ominously as he shouldered my trunk, and looked on while I paid the coachman. Jarl was not far wrong. I *did* think what little I had seen of Denmark queer. The formal rows of clipped poplars, the rows of brick houses, daubed with white or dark-blue plaster for the most part, the absence of life from most of the streets through which I had passed, had a depressing effect upon my spirits; nor was the afternoon of a nature to bring out the brighter features of the landscape; it was a dull, chilly day, with a leaden sky that threatened snow, and with hardly breeze enough to stir the sails of the thousand wind-mills around. Winter was coming, but had not yet come, and all things had a gloomy air, as if of apprehension.

I remember that as I stepped under the low-browed archway of the old mansion, an involuntary shudder passed through me, and, for a moment a feeling of almost instinctive repulsion to the house and its inmates welled up in my heart. Such a sentiment, in a lad of my years, scarcely sixteen, and leaving home and my native country for the first time, was by no means extraordinary, but I had cause, long afterwards, to remember the impression.

It was pleasanter when I had ascended the broad stair of dark old oak, and was ushered into the private apartments of my employer, Mr. Willis, who received me with cordial kindness of manner. Our connection was briefly thus: My father was an old correspondent of the great Copenhagen firm of Willis and Boomen, one of the best known mercantile houses in the Baltic trade, and he had arranged that I should be sent to Denmark for some years, more as a pupil than as a clerk. The object in this was a two-fold one—to perfect my knowledge of the foreign tongues, without which extensive correspondence is barely possible, and to insure my becoming well acquainted with the products and customs of the north. It had been esteemed a high favor when Mr. Willis agreed to receive me under his own roof. The merchant himself, an Englishman, but so long resident abroad that he spoke his native language less readily than the tongues of Scandinavia and Germany, was anything but what I had expected. He was a tall, thin man, with a slight stoop, and hair dashed with gray, and a handsome grave face. I have called his face handsome, and so it must have been in youth, but the forehead was now deeply lined, and the restless blue eyes had acquired a habit of looking down, and were seldom or never fixed on those of the person with whom their owner was conversing. He was excessively neat in his dress, and had large, white hands, with filbert nails, which he was vain of, and which he had a trick of paring and filing with a little pearl-handled instrument.

It would be a great mistake, however, on my part, if I were to convey the impression that Mr. Willis was in any way ridiculous or grotesque. In spite of one or two trifling peculiarities, on which a boy probably seized with greater avidity than a man would have done, he was respected by all who knew him. As a business man, his experience, tact, and keen insight into the probable course of traffic had won him no slight praise, while he had a considerable share of accomplishments. A botanist, a conchologist, a dabbler in rotifers and marine animals, he astonished me by the wonders he exhibited with his large microscope, far more than he interested me by the sight of his cabinets of rare minerals and curious coins. Professors of the University, and learned men of all kinds were frequent guests at his table, and the conversation was often by far too deep and ponderous for the bewildered brain of a boy like myself; and yet, oddly enough, I could not help harboring the idea that my employer cared nothing for these matters of art and science, with however great gusto he might discuss them in company, but that his real wishes and thoughts were far away from what seemed most to engross him. He was often abstracted, moody, and low-spirited. One thing was plain enough, his excessive fondness for his daughter, his only child, and who, as he was a widower, was naturally considered as his heiress. A pretty, delicate girl of about seventeen, with brown hair, and a faint bloom of rose-tint in her cheeks, was Annie Willis. She had been very well educated, and only too much indulged, since her mother had died early and her father had been disposed to make an idol of the little frail creature whose eyes reminded him of his lost wife. But Annie was a good, sterling nature, that could not easily be spoiled, and she promised to develope into a charming woman.

It has always been a puzzle to myself that I did not fall in love with Annie Willis. Boys of the hobbledehoy period of life are commonly disposed to bestow their hearts on fair ones considerably their seniors, and here were beauty, goodness, and propinquity combined. But perhaps the good-natured, sisterly way in which my employer's daughter treated me, presuming immensely, as I thought, upon the strength of the eighteen months more of worldly experience that she possessed, conquered me, and I soon learned to look on her as a friend older and more accomplished than I was. I have said that she was kind to me; she was, in truth, kind to everybody. Her old governess, Fraulein Muller, one of those white-haired, pudding-faced women, with a stock of accomplishments and a fine appetite, which Germany turns out by wholesale, was a living proof of it. Her work of tuition had long been finished; the pupil surpassed the teacher, but Fraulein Muller, who was one of a large family of daughters, belonging to a Saxon *Oberpastor*, sorely puzzled to find them in *braden* and cabbage, remained at Copenhagen, the guest of her former charge.

When I began my regular routine in the counting-house, I found the latter rather a lively scene than otherwise. There were clerks of all ages—several who were as young as myself—and of almost all countries, Dutch, French, American, and even one English boy, who all, however, lived in the town, and seemed at first a little disposed to dislike me, as a resident under their employer's roof. They took it into their heads that I should 'give myself airs,' and had occult suspicions that I might play the spy on their conversation and habits; but I gradually won their confidence. At first, I was subjected to a number of petty annoyances—my pens were split, my inkstand upset, my Ready Reckoner hidden behind the office stove; and it was not until I had caught the most mischievous of the imps, Hermann the Swede, in flagrant delict of dogearing and smearing my neatly-ruled account-book, and defeated him in single combat, that I was really admitted as one of their confraternity. After a while, they were confidential enough.

"I say, Wood, how does old Willis live? Some say he's stingy, and others tell a different tale. You ought to know. How does he treat you?"

"Well enough," I told them.

"So he ought," was the general remark, coupled with asseverations that he was as rich as a Jew—richer than Guldenstrom at the Haven; richer than even old Coblekink, the ship-owner, money-lender, and pawnbroker, in Elbekoping Street. The firm of Willis and Boomen had been in business seventy years, but Boomen was a myth. The last Boomen had died fifteen years ago, and all the capital and profits now belonged to the English partner, the successor of three generations of merchants. The lads could not find figures round enough to express their notion of the sum-total of our chief's wealth.

One youth, a shy lad from Prussia, ventured to say that he had heard his father say Mr. Willis had suffered severe losses at the outbreak of the Russian war, which was then raging; but the remark was greeted with scoffs and incredulity.

"Losses! Willis is too wide awake for that!" said a French stripling.

"And if he did lose a few thousand thalers, what matters that to a man of his means?" cried another.

"Look at his interest in the Greenland fisheries—thirty whalers and sealers, as I know only too well," bawled a youngster from Amsterdam.

"Mines."—"Scrip."—"Bonds, Exchequer bills, mortgages, whole safefuls of them."—Gold and securities stowed away in the vaults under this old barrack of a house!"—"Ah, I only wish I were old Willis; I'd make the guilders spin, I can tell you!"

Such were a few of the exclamations that fell from my comrades; and the rash heretic who had spoken of our chief as a sufferer from losses, was fain to take refuge in the invoices and vouchers he was drawing up, silenced and ashamed of himself.

One favorite subject of discussion in the counting-house, at least on occasions when Mynheer Claas, the Dutch cashier, was out of earshot, was the future destiny of our employer's daughter. Annie was beautiful—that all the boys averred; and as the heiress of her father's untold riches, there was no match too brilliant to be predicted on her behalf. She would marry a duke—a prince, so they all said; and I, who alone was in the secret, thought it would be a sort of betrayal of confidence if I revealed the real truth, that she was going to marry Nils Hagaermann.

But for Miss Muller, I should never have been wiser than my office chums, for though young Hagaermann was a frequent visitor, I had never observed any particular assiduities of courtship on his part; and, indeed, the young merchant was so dull in conversation, that his presence was apt to be forgotten by others who had livelier tongues and brains. He was a stout, pale, large-bodied young man, of very light complexion, excellent character, and ample means; indeed, his father and grandfather had been famous men in their time, giants of trade, and principal citizens of Copenhagen. His mother, Madame Hagaermann, had one of the best houses in the New Town, gave handsome parties, and was reputed to be excessively rich. She had no other child than heavy, white-eyelashed Nils, and was wrapped up in him. She was an old friend of the Willis family, and it was understood that she had made up the match, which, in a pecuniary point of view, left little to be desired.

But for Miss Muller, as I have said, I should have been as ignorant as the other clerks on the subject of Annie's betrothal. The German governess, however, was very romantic and soft-hearted, and a great gossip, and she soon imparted to me the whole state of the case. The match was more likely to injure her own interests than otherwise, and Nils was certainly not a person likely to win the good word of a lady who studied Spiedler's novels and Wieland's poetry. But Madame Hagaermann, a clever, managing woman whose quick black eyes, dark face, and Parisian vivacity of speech and gesture (she was from Bordeaux) contrasted forcibly with her son's heavy inertness, had thought the *gouvernante's* good word worth the winning. A cheap present or two, a good many kind smiles and sugared words, and the constant practice of inviting Miss Muller along with her pupil, had produced their effect—the Fraulein was loud in her praises of Madame, and even contrived to discover in silent Nils an *air noble*, for which I looked in vain.

It sometimes struck me that Annie Willis was afraid of Madame Hagaermann, and that she cowered before the bright imperious eyes of that proud, hard woman. Not that the widow was other than most kind and caressing in her manner towards the "dear sweet child," the "little English dove" she had known since her cradle-days, and was never weary of praising and petting before company, but there was something tyrannical in the absolute taking possession of her on Madame's part. Annie must sit by her good friend always, and if any young man came up to ask her hand in the dance, he had to run the gauntlet of the rich Frenchwoman's fierce scornful eyes, which never had a friendly look for those who seemed to admire her protegee. It occurred to me that Mr. Willis himself, a man of the world and of education, was afraid of Madame too. He was very deferential to her, seldom opposed any plan of her suggestion, and even tried hard to hold converse with Nils, which was not easy.

I thought that, at first, Madame Hagaermann disapproved considerably of my presence under the roof of my employer, for she was very brusque and haughty towards me in our early interviews; but when she saw with what patronising sisterliness of bearing Annie treated me, the lonely English boy, new to the country, and unused to be among strangers, the worthy lady's dislike disappeared; I was always included in the frequent invitations to Madame's Tuesday and Thursday receptions, and grew to be rather a favorite with the young heir and hope of the house. Nils was a curious specimen of a lover. I think he cared a little for Annie, in his own cold-blooded way, for he hovered a few yards off, and his round gray eyes were seldom off her face, but he rarely spoke to her, and never danced with her, except under actual compulsion from his managing parent. Yet Nils thought of Annie a good deal, I am sure, for he would now and then ask me some commonplace question about England, its habits, language, or productions, and then chuckle over the reply, like some ruminating animal enjoying its meal. I believe he liked me because I was English and Annie's countryman; but he was in no apparent hurry to be married, and the engagement dawdled on sluggishly.

Often have I asked myself since then what were the girl's own feelings concerning the proposed match, and the only conclusion I can come to is, that she only realized it as a dim possibility afar off. She was very young, gentle, and timid, much under the influence of her elders, and probably accustomed from early youth to hear her betrothal to the heir of the great merchant-firm of Hagaermann and Company spoken of as a settled thing. Nils was not capable of fascination, but then he never caused annoyance or repulsion by any overt act or word. Such marriages have been before this, and have turned out charmingly well, as match-makers delight to say. This, however, was to end differently.

The hard Danish winter, with its dark skies, deep snows, and ice-bound waters, passed by. It was the gayest, and at the same time the healthiest season at Copenhagen, and I found my life a reasonably pleasant one. In office-hours, or rather in working-hours, for much of my duties led me to the docks or the warehouses where the bulky goods were stored, I found my hands pretty full. Mr. Willis had told one or two old clerks to see that the "English boy" learned the business, and it was not their fault if I did not know a Memel log from a ton of Russian tallow, while I became quite a judge of cider-down, barilla, Pomeranian amber, and white Livonian brandy. My spare time was very much at my own disposal, and my Danish and Dutch friends had taught me to skate and to shoot wild-fowl as adroitly as could be expected from a tyro in his first season. One especial friend I had, a young officer in the Royal Guards, Baron Stahl by name, and whom I admired, as boys only can admire those who seem to them to possess those physical powers and brilliant gifts which the young value the most. Stahl was a fine dashing fellow, with a bold bronzed face, a ready wit, and the courage of a lion. He was very good-natured and attentive to me, taught me to ride, lent me books and guns, gave me tickets for the opera, and was never tired of hearing me describe the queer old-world house where I lived, and—Annie Willis.

That, no doubt, was the heart of the mystery. It was because I was pretty Annie's boy-friend, domiciled under the same roof, that the Baron, older, cleverer, in all ways superior to myself, sought my company. But I never guessed the true cause. My youthful vanity was gratified by the captain's friendly preference, and I did not conjecture the real reason of it. Stahl, whom I had first met at Mr. Willis's house, never was asked there again, and seldom saw the English merchant's daughter, since he visited among the noble families of the capital, while we usually mixed with the chief burghers, no less proud and exclusive in their own way.

I have since seen cause to imagine that Madame Hagaermann, ever intent upon her son's interests, and shrewd enough to notice Stahl's admiration for Annie, had exerted her powerful influence to keep aloof a rival who might have been formidable to poor Nils. But whether Annie was aware of the Baron's sentiments, I cannot tell; to all appearance, she was fancy free.

Towards the end of the winter, an incident occurred which for the first time caused doubts in my mind respecting the stability of the long-honored house of which I was a subordinate. I was returning from the marshes, wet and weary, and thoroughly out of spirits; the ducks had grown shy since the thaw, the treacherous ice had broken under my tread, and caused me a partial immersion in slime and water, and my game-bag was empty of all but one sorry snipe, after hours of trudging. As I passed the sharp angle of a brick wall in the northern suburb, I heard a voice say in shrill quavering accents: "Have nothing to do with it, Brother Isaac; it is a rotten reed, the house of Willis and Boomen."

"The Gentile hound spoke me fair, and proffered good interest for the money," said a deeper voice hard by, and though both men spoke in Danish, I had learned enough of the language to comprehend them, and by peeping round the corner could see the persons whom I had overheard: a big, black whiskered man; and another, bent and withered, with a long gray beard. I recognised the latter as Reuben Munch, a Jewish dealer in curiosities, whom the boys of the town often jeered and hooted, but who was notorious for his wealth, and was reputed to lend money at huge interest.

"He said," pursued the other, "he only needed the sum to make up a bill on—"

"Pshaw! liars will lie," fiercely broke in the elder Jew; "the cur wants the cash for Madame Hagaermann. Are you a child, Isaac, not to know that he owed her husband ninety thousand florins, that he had signed papers which make him a puppet in her hands, and that she can make or mar him! If his daughter marry her booby son, he may get a quittance. As it is, she can squeeze him dry, like an orange. Where are your wits, Isaac, son of Chelid? Was it not told at the door of the synagogue, how, when the Russian war began—"

Here the speaker, in his excitement, broke into Hebrew, or more probably into the Chaldaic dialect, familiar to educated Jews, and I could not distinguish another word, as the dealer in curiosities and his relative or friend passed on, and left me thunderstruck.

Mr. Willis—Willis of the great firm of Willis and Boomen—in want of cash—applying to Jewish usurers for a loan, and in vain—he whose name stood so high on the exchanges of Europe! And what was that imperfect scrap of conversation relating to Madame Hagaermann, and her supposed power over my employer? Could it really be so—that he was the debtor and bondsman of that imperious woman—that his best chance was founded on the sale of his daughter to one whom she could never love—Nils Hagaermann? The mystery was almost too much for my young intelligence, but I courageously determined to keep it to myself. It would have been a sort of treachery, I felt, to reveal it to the idle gossips of the counting-house. Even from Otto Stahl I kept the secret; nor would I reveal it now, but that there are none living who could be served by its suppression.

There was one inmate of the old house with whom I could never be on cordial terms, never get over the first impression of mislike and distrust, and this was Jarl. The dwarfish porter, sitting in his den, opening on the deep doorway, with his red cap crowning his impish features and broad body, used to put me in mind of those ugly and malicious gnomes who are said in northern legends to keep a jealous watch over buried treasures. No one liked Jarl, and I am sure that he returned the compliment to humanity. Stay—one there was, for whom this ill-favored human bandog had a canine attachment and fidelity, and this was Mr. Willis our chief. Jarl was the third descendant of a race of hereditary porters, and it was an article of faith with him to render true service to the head of the great firm whose bread he and his had eaten so long. My young companions loved to tease Jarl, calling him a trolld and a drow, wafering up frightful caricatures of him in the porch, or trying their raw wits in a contest of repartee with his bitter tongue. I, however, wishing to be on friendly terms with all about me, tried to conciliate the dwarf, but failed signally; Jarl was prone to dislike those whom the "master" seemed to favor, and I have even seen him scowl savagely when pretty Annie tripped past him.

It was about a week after my curious meeting with the two Jews, and when the impression produced by their words was fading away, that the actuary of the great Danneskiold Insurance office, accompanied by a clerk, visited our premises. We—I cannot help using the collective term, which implied a sort of common interest in the firm—were already insured against fire, but that was in the smaller office of the Phœnix. Herr Rosenthal, the right-hand man of the monster company, was a well-known personage in Copenhagen, and his visit caused some excitement among us. It was whispered, on what authority I do not know, that the dwelling, as well as the valuable effects in warehouse, and especially those lately unloaded from the *Blue-eyed Jane* of Liverpool, were to be insured for an enormous amount. Mr. Old Herr Rosenthal, as he walked about arm-in-arm with our principal, appear to throw any difficulty in the way; on the contrary, he seemed readily to accede to all which Mr. Willis advanced, and the clerk's work was merely of a formal nature.

That very night, as I was undressing in my own room, at a later hour than common, since I had been to the theatre with Baron Stahl, I missed my bunch of keys, seven of which unlocked my desk, trunks, and so forth, and which I had no doubt left in the counting-house; indeed, I could vaguely remember having quitted the office in a hurry, in consequence of some unexpected errand, and no doubt the key was yet in my desk, with the rest of the bunch dangling from it. This was annoying, for there was a particular trunk which I desired to open, and I was averse to waiting for the morning. Surely I could easily, with little care, slip down stairs, and make my way from the dwelling house to the deserted office without disturbing any member of the family, all of whom I calculated were by this time probably asleep.

Opening my door very cautiously, and taking off my boots, I glided down the oak staircase with noiseless tread, and had got more than half way to the counting-house, when I noticed, with surprise, that a side door that led into the range of warehouses was ajar, and that a stream of yellow light flowed through the aperture, while voices were conversing within: they were those of Mr. Willis and Jarl the porter; and low as they spoke, I caught the words in passing: "That *I* should have fallen so low. Well, it is for dear Annie's sake! When do you say the smugglers can fetch away the goods from the *Blue eyed Jane?*"

Jarl gave a gruff chuckle, and said something about the hour when the moon went down; but unwilling any longer to play the involuntary part of eavesdropper, I turned back, sped swiftly up the broad stairs, and reached my room unseen.

This was on Monday; and on the Wednesday following Madame Hagaermann gave a conversazione, which was expected to be unusually well attended. Mr. Willis, however, who had seemed in unnaturally high spirits for the last day or two, never at rest, never silent, but always laughing, talking, and on the move, was unable to go; he had important business to transact, even at a late hour, and, besides, he had promised Count Thorn, the minister, to be one of the guests at his monthly reception, which fell, by ill-luck, on the same night as Madame's assembly. Therefore I—Henry Wood—must escort Miss Willis and Fraulein Muller to the mansion of the rich widow.

I was dressed in good time, and kicked my heels in the lonely apartments, wondering, in my boyish impatience, at the unconscionable time occupied by the ladies' toilettes, when Fraulein Muller came in at last, with a vexed air on her good-humored, homely face. We must go alone, she said. Madame would be so disappointed, if none of us came; and Annie could not be one of the party. The poor child had a frightful headache, a headache which prevented her from even thinking of joining the gay crowd; and Miss Muller had vainly exerted all her eloquence and cajolery for the last hour in a fruitless effort to persuade her to make an effort.

Was Annie's headache real? I have often wondered, or was it a mere pretext for avoiding the party, and the disagreeable presence of Nils Hagaermann? who had of late become very pressing in his attentions, urged thereto by the imperious nods and constant hints of his mother, who desired the match to be hastened. At anyrate, Fraulein Muller, though sincerely sorry for her charge's indisposition, could not bear to lose the pleasures of the evening, the music, the cake and weak wine, the hazy philosophical small-talk, the recitations of poetry; and she went off to the party under my sole escort.

The rooms were crowded; a babel of tongues wagged at once, and I daresay that Miss Muller enjoyed herself; but I thought the hostess looked very black and glum at the news of Annie's headache, and Nils was a greater bore than usual, as he followed me to and fro, asking vapid questions about her health. Very late in the evening, as many of the guests were leaving, Mr. Willis entered. He was very pale, and there were blotches of red, like spots of a hectic crimson, on his sallow cheeks. I looked anxiously at him, under the impression that he was ill, but he came up to me, and said with a sort of feverish gayety:

"Well, my boy, how have you amused yourself? It was so hot in the minister's saloon, that I slipped off, and came here for half an hour. Has Annie been introduced to the poet—that German fellow whose queer verses she was wild about? Madame said he would be a lion to-night."

"Miss Willis is not here, sir," said I; but I was absolutely frightened at the ghastly change that came over her father's face as he griped my arm with sudden fierceness.

The next question was rather gasped out than spoken:

"Where is Annie? Not at home? Not at home, surely—not beneath *that roof?*"

I did not know what to do, alarmed as I was for my employer's sanity, and observing that his violent gestures were already attracting the notice of those around us.

But before I could answer, another and more dreadful voice took up the task of replying—the deep, sullen clang of the great bell of the True Kirk, or high church of Copenhagen, and which is never tolled save at conflagrations, or a death among the royal family of Denmark. For a few seconds, the ill-omened notes hushed every tongue, but them arose from without a wild cry of "Fire!"

A clamor of excited voices, both within and without the mansion, arose at once, woman screamed, men hurried to throw up windows or withdraw curtains, hoping to discover the extent of the mischief. Then there was a sound of hurrying feet, and as officer of the Royal Guard in uniform entered hastily, followed by two soldiers; it was Baron Stahl.

"Are the family of Mr. Willis here?" he exclaimed in a loud voice, running his eye over the crowd of guests. "I trust in Heaven they are, for it is his house that is burning, and there seems little hope of saving it. I happened to be on duty, and my men are aiding in the attempt to extinguish—"

A hoarse, agonized cry, like that of a hurt wild beast, interrupted Stahl's speech, and Mr. Willis, bareheaded, and with the frantic gestures of a madman, rushed from the room, and forced his way through the thickening multitudes that encumbered the streets in the direction of his own abode. The Germas governess announced, sobbing and panic-stricken, that Annie was in the burning house, and on the instant the room was deserted by almost all the male guests, eager to render help, if human help were still possible. Stahl and I were the first to reach the spot.

The great old house was in a blaze, and the warehouses were on fire throughout their whole extent, emitting dense volumes of smoke and showers of sparks and burning splinters. From all the lower windows the flame spouted like a fiery fountain; but the upper part, though wreathed in dark smoke, and licked by tongues of flame that crawled up the whole front of the mansion, was not yet ignited.

At a window in the uppermost story were dimly visible two human forms, whose flittering and light-colored garments proclaimed them to be females; but it was not until a sudden gust of wind cleared away the smoke that we could see that one of them was Annie.

Annie it was, and she stretched out her pretty girlish face, deathly white with terror, and waved her arms beseechingly. The other, a young Danish woman, one of the female servants, seemed stupified with fear, and clung fast to the sash, motionless. The firmen were busy; their helmets glanced in the fierce light, and their engines flung water incessantly on the flames, but their toil was in vain.

Mr. Willis, pale, haggard, with frantic gestures, was appealing to the crowd. Many of the bystanders knew him well, and in pity would have removed him from the spot, by force, if necessary, but he broke from them, crying aloud: "Save my daughter! save her—only her, and you shall have all—all—even the gold of the Danneskiold. Ha! that was a brave plot. Well done, Jarl, trusty Jarl! the old place burns like touchwood. Why, let it burn. It builds up my fortune again, high as that black smoke and red flame, aha! Wretch! wretch! I have murdered my own child! Annie, dear Annie, it was for you I sold my soul to the fiend. Save her! Oh, save her!"

While he raved thus, and every word added fresh evidence to his frenzied confession, a ladder had been brought by some of the soldiers, and Stahl sprang forward with an energy and passion such as I had never seen before, and called in a loud voice for "volunteers!"

"Volunteers to go to that window with me! I go first. Who will risk his life to save those of women? I only want two; who speaks first?"

There was a short dreadful pause. The peril was so extreme that it blanched the cheeks and froze the blood of many a stout fellow who was no coward on ordinary occasions. Whoever climbed that ladder must pass the lower windows, from which the flame and heat gushed savagely as from the jaws of a furnace, and the risk of being overwhelmed by a sudden downfall of burning beams and calcined bricks was no slight one.

"I will go, captain," said a soldier who had fought under Stahl and others in the German war.

"Another!" called out the Baron. "We *must* have one to hold the ladder fast, while the work is done. Quick, quick! No—not you, my poor boy" (for in the excitement of my feelings I had offered the aid of my comparatively feeble arm to save poor Annie); "I want a man, if there is one here."

One of the firemen here came forward, saying that he had daughters of his own, and would lend a hand for their sake to save women in such awful peril; and in a moment more the ladder was lifted in the grasp of the three adventurers.

"Look to that unhappy man," cried Stahl, pointing to Mr. Willis, whose outcries had now been succeeded by inarticulate moans of pain. "Stand clear, all!"

With a rush they broke into the ring of fire and smoke and ruddy sparks, and, undismayed by the glowing heat and angry flame, planted the ladder. They went up—up through the blinding smoke—up through the scorching heat, through the midst of fiery tongues that fastened on the ladder as they went—Stahl foremost, cheering on the others. The ladder was on fire, the walls were riving and cracking into ghastly fissures, and once, as the black smoke volleyed out from door and window in dense masses, there was a cry that all had perished, and I turned away in despair. When I looked again, a cheer broke from the people, and another, and another; and they came down, blackened, burned, bruised, but bearing in their arms the helpless forms of those whom they had ventured their lives to save. Stahl was the last to descend, with Annie, who had fainted, supported in his strong grasp; and as he sprang from the ladder and pushed his way through the crowd of shouting men and sobbing women, a hideous crash resounded, and the roof of the old house fell into the fiery gulf below with a noise like that of thunder. The rescue was but just in time.

The rest is soon told. Mr. Willis was conducted to a neighbor's house, and tended with compassionate care; but his reason was gone. Jarl, the porter was arrested on strong suspicion of having, in complicity with his unhappy master, fired the dwelling and warehouses, with intent to defraud the Danneskiold Insurance office. This charge was corroborated by the discovery that the cargo of the *Blue-eyed Jane*, which had been insured for a great amount, had been secretly sold to certain smugglers, on condition that the goods should be removed by night. It was also rumored that Mr. Willis had been nearly ruined by certain Russian speculations, and that it was in his eagerness to raise a sum wherewith to pay his debt to Madame Hagsarmann, and to complete the dowry of his daughter, that he formed the sinister design which had nearly proved fatal to his own child. But nothing certain could ever be learned from Jarl, who maintained a dogged silence, and on the eve of his trial was found dead, hanging from the barred window of his cell.

Almost all of Mr. Willis's property had to be divided among his creditors, Madame Hagsermann coming in for the chief share. That astute lady at once forbade her son to think further of a bankrupt's daughter, and Nils, though he cared for Annie as much as was consistent with his nature, had never learned to disobey his formidable parent.

Annie is married, however, and to her preserver, Baron Stahl, who could not be deterred either by the poverty or disgrace which had fallen on the once respected name of the English merchant, from offering to the girl he had so long secretly loved the shelter of his name. They live on Stahl's small estate in South Jutland, as happy and attached a couple as any in Denmark; and their children are very tender and familiar with a bent, white-haired old man, who is always timidly desirous to please, and whom his little patrons call "poor grandpapa."

MY TRAVELLING COMPANION.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

My partner and I were goldsmiths and jewelers by profession, and one of our best customers was Sir Ralph Whiston, a wealthy Scotch baronet. We had served Sir Ralph for a number of years, and his father before him. When, therefore, I one day read in the newspaper an announcement of his forthcoming marriage, it was only natural for me to remark to my partner, that we should probably receive before long a letter from over the Border. And sure enough, about a fortnight afterwards, a letter from the baronet came to hand, in which he requested to have forwarded to him for selection certain articles of feminine jewelry, not many in number, but of our very best manufacture. I always did the travelling part of our business in those days myself; and accordingly the next afternoon found me seated in the train, booked through to Edinburgh, with the prospect of a long night-ride before me, and having in my charge a small mahogany, brass-bound box, containing the articles required by Sir Ralph.

I was fortunate enough to secure a compartment to myself; and having put away my box in the net over my head, and slung my hat in proximity to it, I prepared myself for the leisurely perusal of the last Quarterly, which I had brought with me, uncut, as a pleasant companion by the way. How many miles I had fled northward I don't know; but when I finished my article and looked out, I found that the hot autumn afternoon was waning into a dull, lurid evening, windless and sullen. I lit a cigar, and sat smoking and musing, and watching the landscape slowly darken, till the train slackened speed, and then came to a stand at some country station with an outlandish name. We stopped here three or four minutes, for the engine had to take in fuel and water, and lamps had to be fixed in the roofs of the carriages. There were several people lounging about the platform; but it was too dark by this time to discern more than the mere outlines of their figures. I had arranged my rug carefully round my knees, and pulled the peak of my cap over my eyes preparatory to a comfortable snooze; the engine had given its customary shriek, and the train was in motion, when the door of my compartment was suddenly opened, and a man stepped deliberately in and sat down in the opposite seat. I felt intensely disgusted; for, with the mahogany box in the net above my head, and an unknown companion, sleep was entirely out of the question. So I pushed back my travelling cap, and took a comprehensive survey of the intruder. He was a gentlemanly man without being a gentleman; powerfully built; about forty years of age; not handsome, but with strongly marked features, to which a peculiar expression was given by the green silk shade which covered his left eye. For the rest, he was dressed in a suit of gray tweed, such as may be worn by either a prince or a bagman. His head was covered with a soft felt hat; and the whole of his personal luggage appeared to be comprised in a *Bradshaw's Guide*. It was merely professional on my part to notice the valuable ruby ring on his little finger, and the gold lever watch which he consulted as soon as he had settled himself comfortably into his seat. He sat staring through the window for some minutes, humming a little tune to himself; then, with the air of one who had forgotten something, he opened his *Bradshaw*, and set about consulting it earnestly. He followed this occupation for some time, and then, with a muttered oath, flung the book to the other side of the carriage. "Never could understand that book!" he exclaimed, addressing me for the first time. "People about to travel should take a course of lessons in it before starting, or else shun it altogether; which would perhaps be the best plan."

I proffered my services, telling him that I was an old traveller, and that *Bradshaw* had no secrets from me.

"Really now, how pleasant that must be!" he said with a smile, as he picked up the book. "I shall feel extremely obliged to you if you can hunt out for me the time at which this train ought to arrive at Bulrush Station."

I quickly furnished him with the required information; he expressed himself as being highly gratified; and producing his cigar-case, we were soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and sat for some minutes in grateful silence, enjoying the fragrance of the mighty weed.

"Beastly light this," remarked the stranger at length, glancing up at the lamp in the roof; and, in fact, there must have been something the matter with it; for it flickered and trembled in its crystal vase, and seemed more inclined to drown itself in its own oil than to do its duty in a brilliant and satisfactory manner. I merely nodded assent; the stranger lapsed into silence again; and we went on puffing away at a great rate, watching the phantom trees glide swiftly past us, and the dim landscape tear itself away from under the steady grind of our wheels.

At length the man with the green shade pitched the end of his cigar out of the window, and putting one hand into the recesses of his waistcoat, drew therefrom a thin shagreen case about twelve or fourteen inches in length. I stared at him in silence. Opening the case, which was lined with white satin, he took out of it a thin skewer or poniard of bluish steel, in shape like the steel on which butchers sharpen their knives, but smaller in size, having a handle of ebony inlaid with silver. After feeling its point appreciatively for a moment with his finger, he handed it to me.

"A pretty trifle that," he remarked.

"Yes; first-rate workmanship evidently," I replied, examining it with some curiosity. "Of foreign manufacture, is it not?"

"Yes, real Damascus ware,—made for a Druse emir."

"And now retained by you for ornament rather than use?"

"Three secret enemies did my friend the emir slay with it, and no man knew by whom the blows were given. It was no child's ornament in his hands; neither will it be so in mine!"

"I do not understand you."

"Perhaps not," he replied, with a smile that showed his long, sharp, wolfish teeth. He sat forward, peered steadfastly into my face for a moment, and then, taking me by the sleeve and drawing me closer to him, he whispered, "With this skewer I shall cook his goose."

I could do nothing but stare at him in speechless amazement.

"Bah!" he said, "the phrase was a vulgar one. You do not comprehend? In other words, then, with this poniard I intend to slay my enemy, as my friend the emir slew his."

"And who is your enemy?" I contrived to stammer out, not knowing what else to say.

"Cyprian Wick!"

He uttered the name with such a concentrated ferocity of tone, with such a flash of hatred lighting up his one visible eye, that it was impossible to doubt the sincerity of his feelings on the point. I made haste to hand him back the poniard, and felt more comfortable when I saw it shut up again in its case, and replaced in the folds of its owner's vest. And had we stopped at a station just then, I should certainly have left my strange travelling companion to his own meditations; but I knew that we had more than thirty miles still to travel before there was any possibility of escape.

"Take another cigar," said the man with the green shade, turning suddenly on me in a rather alarming manner; "and while we smoke I will tell you how it happened that Cyprian Wick is my bitterest enemy, and why I have vowed to take his life."

We lighted our cigars. My companion closed his one eye for a moment, as though first coaxing over to himself the story he was about to tell me; then opening it, he fixed it steadfastly on the top button of my waistcoat, and began as follows:

"My name is George Sinkinson, and I am the only son of a country gentleman of good estate and ancient family. Both my parents died when I was very young, and on coming of age I stepped into a handsome fortune, the accumulation of a long minority. I at once proceeded to set up a bachelor establishment in London in accordance with my means, and had not been a month in town before I encountered Cyprian Wick. Now Cyprian was my oldest friend; for although he was only the son of a poor apothecary in my native village, he and I, as lads, had been great companions, and I at once proceeded to furbish up a friendship which had grown somewhat rusty with so many years' disuse. From an ugly boy he had grown into an ugly man; but his tongue was ready, and his wit as sharp as my dagger. He was now studying for the Bar, and earning at the same time a small living for himself in some mysterious way which I never could fathom. He was the most entertaining companion I ever met with, and his company soon became so necessary to me that the evening seemed dull and vapid which was not enlivened by his society. I consulted him about all my affairs. He made one at all my bachelor parties and little excursions into the country; he spent a much greater portion of his time at my apartments than at his own; and my purse was always open to his needs.

"This was the state of affairs between us when I fell in love. I had already suffered slightly at different times from passing flirtations, but this time I was smitten beyond recovery. I had my first glimpse of her one evening as I was passing a milliner's establishment in the neighborhood of Leicester Square.

"She had been arranging some bonnets in the window, and was standing for a moment to contemplate the effect; for she was neither more nor less than a milliner's assistant. I thought that I had never before seen a vision half so lovely. I walked past the shop, then back again; hesitated awhile, and then slinked in and made some absurd purchase. She waited on me, was very gracious, and smiled sweetly at my awkward attempts at compliment. Let me say, once for all, without attempting to catalogue her charms, and with the recollection of all that afterwards occurred still fresh in my memory, that Mdlle Louise Latarche was a remarkably beautiful girl. I went home infatuated. Again and again I visited the shop, made more absurd purchases, and strove to improve my acquaintance with my unknown beauty. How it came about it matters not to say; but, at the end of three weeks from the date of my first seeing her, I had the unspeakable felicity of feeling her little hand rest on my arm while I escorted her home through the lamp-lighted streets to the somewhat dingy apartments, where she, *et sa chere maman*, resided. Chere Maman received me with affable politeness, having been previously advised of my coming; and Louise, devising some errand out of doors, left us alone together. Chere Maman was by no means a lady of prepossessing appearance.

"She was very fat, and very snuffy; with false hair and a false complexion; with plenty of tawdry finery about her, and an appearance, on the whole, which indicated an habitual distaste for soap and water. Neither the stereotyped smile, nor the all-over-rimmed spectacles worn to give her a benevolent look, could entirely conceal the hard cunning expression of her mouth. All this, however, did not become patent to me at once. During that first visit, and for many subsequent ones, I saw before me only a stout, kindly old lady, who rouged a little too highly, and who might with advantage have washed her hands more frequently.

"My explanations were considered so satisfactory by Chere Maman, that from that day forth I was at liberty to come and go as I pleased, and was at once put upon the footing of Louise's betrothed. The dear girl herself made no objection to the arrangement, but merely smiled, shrugged her shoulders, and said she left everything in the hands of Chere Maman. I was too much intoxicated by my good fortune to think of asking for more particulars of the family history of Louise than were given me during a confidential moment one evening by the old lady. The father of my Louise had been a captain in the French army, she said, but had died too young to make any provision for the future of his widow and her infant daughter. They were not left entirely destitute, however; for the uncle of Louise, a rich *banquier* of Lyons, had been their friend. He had been much annoyed because Louise, driven by her love of independence, and her desire to avoid a hateful marriage into which he wished to force her, had accepted a situation in a milliner's establishment, first in Paris, and afterwards in London. But that would soon be all over now; and a daughter so dutiful as Louise could not fail to make an admirable wife.

"The few weeks immediately following that first visit were the happiest of my life. They passed like a blissful dream. I lavished rich presents of every kind on Louise and her mother. They showed no reserve about accepting anything I offered; diffidence was a quality unknown to either of them. I insisted on Louise's at once quitting the position she occupied in the milliner's shop, and my wish was of course complied with. Equally a matter of course was it that I should introduce Cyprian Wick to my betrothed. She pulled a little face at me over his shoulder while he was making his bow, as though deprecating an introduction to so ordinary-looking an individual. But though Louise seemed rather to slight him, Cyprian and Chere Maman got on famously together. He spoke very tolerable French, and they used to chatter away by the hour; and on my arrival I frequently found him there before me, comfortably installed in an easy-chair; for, as he sometimes said, once a rare opportunity of cultivating his friend's acquaintance was not to be despised. So Louise and I did our courting in one room, while Cyprian and Chere Maman sat smoking and chattering together in another which opened out of it; for the old lady was not above a mild cigarette of an evening, when dressed up in her yellow satin gown and lace mantilla. As for Louise, she was assibility itself—smiling amiability; for everything was said and done with a smile; and I sometimes caught myself wondering whether she laid it off when she went to sleep, and whether the possibility of a frown or a pout lay within the compass of those charming features. She received my jewelry and my caresses with the same pretty dimple of the chin, with the same little saucy shrug of the white shoulders, as though neither one nor the other were quite worthy of her deserts, but that she accepted both of them on sufferance. Whether my love was reciprocated or not, was a troublesome question which sometimes intruded itself into my reveries; but I stifled it, and put it out of sight every time that it rose unbidden before me, and strove to instil into myself the belief that I ought to put down to maidenly shyness alone that smiling indifference of demeanor which accepted a man's heart and a trumpery jewel as articles of equal value. Still, as I said before, it was a happy time; and as week after week passed away, and the day fixed for our marriage drew near, my infatuation seemed only to increase, and I looked forward with all a lover's impatience to the hour which would make her my own for life. Neither her ignorance—for, although she was sharp and worldly-wise enough, and by no means ill-mannered, she had never received much school education—nor her pretty superstitious ways had the slightest influence on the feeling with which I regarded her. She believed in dreams and omens, in the casting of horoscopes, and the telling of fortunes, in ghostly appearances, and voices from beyond the grave. She wore constantly round her neck a little heart shaped amulet of amber, in the centre of which might be discerned the form of a minute black serpent, the lithe folds of which, Louise asseverated, might frequently be seen to undulate and coil, as though it were endowed with a magic life. This curious trifle, which had belonged many years before to a great African King and had been given by him to the father of Louise as a reward for saving his life, was greatly prized and reverenced by my darling. So long as she kept it uninjured, it was her belief that she would continue to retain certain powers of fascination and attraction which few people could resist—but should she lose it, or, worse than all, should it be broken, then misfortune, ruin, death even, might be expected quickly to follow. During the early days of our acquaintance, I frequently tried to ridicule her out of her superstitious follies; but soon discovered that they were so deeply ingrained in her nature, that the task was a hopeless one; so from that time forth I let her enjoy her fancies in peace.

"Well, sir, time passed on, and the eve of the day appointed for our wedding arrived. I called on Louise and Chere Maman that afternoon to make the final arrangements. Everything had been thought of—the wedding-dress was come home; the ring was purchased; the carriages were ordered for ten o'clock the following morning; and Cyprian Wick had agreed to act as my best man on the occasion. I kissed Louise before leaving her, and told her laughingly that I would not give her one more till we were husband and wife. She pretended to pout a moment, and then did what she had never done before,—flung her arms round my neck, and kissed me of her own accord, and then bade me farewell till the morrow.

"A few hours later, as I was setting out to make a few final purchases, I missed my pocket-book. As it contained several notes of considerable value, I did not like to think it had been stolen, but tried to persuade myself that I must have mislaid it; and not finding it in my own rooms, set off at once for Chere Maman's, thinking I must have left it there by mistake in the afternoon.—Chere Maman was coming out as I reached the door. She was going to do a little shopping, she intimated to me: *mais certainement elle n'avait pas vu ma porte monnaie*; nevertheless, I had better go up-stairs, and put the question to Louise. So up-stairs I bounded, as quickly as I could, and burst into the sitting-room unannounced. Louise turned first pale, and then red, and looked quite scared by my abrupt entrance. I apologized for being so rude, and then asked her whether she had seen my pocket-book.

No; she had seen nothing of it. Perhaps I not better put the matter into the hands of the police without delay? I would it put he best to go at once? she added in a tremb, holding the door open for me to pass out.

"'You seem in a terrible hurry to get rid of me,' I remarked, with a smile.

"'I have got so much to do,' so many little things to attend to. But do not be angry with me, this evening above all others. I was only anxious that you should receive your notes.'

"She still held the door open, and was looking perplexedly on the floor, when there came a loud knocking at the door below stairs—a peculiar knock, three slow and three rapid, followed by two quick taps. All the color left the face of Louise as it reached; she glanced round with an frightened, bewildered look, such as I had never seen on her face before.

"'It is he,' she cried, opening a door; 'in here, for one moment, or you love me!' I will explain afterwards.'

"It was all the work of a moment; and before I knew what had happened, or where I was, I found myself pushed into a small closet that opened out of the room, and the iron door shut to and bolted behind me.

"The sitting-room rented by Louise and her mother had formerly been the office of a solicitor or an accountant, or some person of that kind, and the closet with the iron door had been intended for the safe custody of books and document. It had been fitted up with shelves originally; but these were now gone, and the place was quite empty; the key too had been lost; but the door was kept in its place by a temporary bolt, which fastened outside. At the top of the door was a small semicircular opening, through which a few rays from the lamp in the room now penetrated; barely sufficient, however, to make visible to me the size of the place into which I had been so unceremoniously thrust.

"As Louise closed the door on me, and shot the bolt, I heard the tramp of a heavy foot coming quickly up stairs; I heard, too, the rustle of Louise's dress as she rushed to the door; but it was opened before she could reach it, and a man's voice exclaimed,

"'Everything is prepared. We shall drop down with the tide at midnight.'

"It was the voice of Cyprian Wick.

"'Hush!' exclaimed Louise, in a low, terrified tone. '*He* is there!'

"'And fast?'

"'And fast.'

"So much the better. It is too late for concealment now; and, in any case, a few hours would have revealed everything. The farce is over at last; blow the whistle, and let the curtain rise for the first act of the tragedy!'

"I heard this, as a man sometimes hears voices in his dreams, with a vague, haunting sense that what is said bears some reference to himself; but how, or in what way, he cannot clearly discern; so the implication conveyed by the words to which I had just listened seemed too monstrous for belief, and for the moment my mind refused to entertain it. Putting my hands through the opening at the top of the door, I raised myself up by a desperate effort, till my eyes were on a level with it, and I could look into the room. What I saw was Cyprian Wick seated at a table, fanning himself composedly with his hat; while Louise stood leaning over him, with a white scared face and trembling hands. It was only for an instant that I could thus sustain myself; the next, I fell back, a weak, stricken heap of humanity, into a corner of the closet.

"'Now that matters have come to a crisis, we must go at once, and before Chere Maman returns.' It was Cyprian who spoke.

"'And what of him?' asked Louise, pointing, I presume, to the closet.

"'He may lie there, and die there, for aught I care. Get ready, Louise; I give you five minutes to prepare.'

"Louise went into the other room. The whole diabolical plan burst upon me, and I started up from the ground, and flung myself madly again and again upon the iron door; but my puny efforts seemed scarcely to shake its massive strength. Cyprian laughed loud and long.

"'No go, old fellow,' he exclaimed. 'You are as fast as a starling in a cage. Yes, Master George Sinkinson, this hour is very sweet to me. Your insolent patronage of me because I am poor, your peacock airs of superiority, your treatment of me before your fine friends as something between your lackey and your spaniel, have all been put down to your account, and are none of them forgotten. This is how I pay the debt. You looked for bread, and I give you a stone. You dreamt too, in your folly, that you had won the love of Louise Latarche. Bah! the girl doesn't care two figs for you. She would have married you, for all that, because you are rich, had I not interposed; and would probably have poisoned you afterwards. Me she loves, so I take her off your hands; for which be thankful. And as for me, I suppose that I too love Louise; that I am infatuated—mad—what you like to call it; a fool, perhaps, to give up all my prospects in life for a pretty face. But that's my business. Louise, my little cat, come here a moment.' She came out of the other room. 'Tell me, whom do you love? Speak up, so that the gentleman in his cage may hear your words.'

"'I love you, Cyprian.'

"'Me alone of all the world?'

'"You shan.'

"'Did you ever love George Sinkinson? Speak up.'

"'Never.'

"'And you willingly give up this wealthy marriage, and this handsome sailor, to follow your ugly Cyprian in poverty to the other side of the world?'

"'Willingly.'

"'Bon! Kiss me, then. Again. That will do. Now go and finish your preparations, and be quick about them. You have only two minutes more.'

"He did not speak again, but sat down and lighted a cigar. By the time specified Louise was ready.

"'Better put on an extra shawl,' said Cyprian. 'You will find it cold on the river. So—that will do. But what have you got here? A gold watch and chain!—his present, eh?—then off with them; lay them on the table. And these bracelets from the same quarter?—off with them, too. And these rings!—let them follow the same fate. Take none of his accursed gifts with you. So—they are all in a heap, ready for him by the time he quits his cage. And now we start clear and free, with just a hundred pounds of hard-earned money of my own to begin the world with. Are you quite content, Louise?'

"'Quite content, Cyprian, so long as you are by my side.'

"'That's settled, then. And now let us be off without further delay. All the world before us where to choose—eh, Loo? Mr. Sinkinson wishes us *bon voyage* in his heart, though he hasn't the politeness to say so. *Allons, enfants de la patrie!*'

"They went out together, Cyprian humming the 'Marseillaise' gayly; and next minute their footsteps echoed down the hollow stairs, and I was left alone. I stood listening till the faintest echo had died away, and then I tried a second time, with all the added strength lent me by rage and desperation, to force the bolt of the iron door; but only to sink back after a time, exhausted by my vain efforts. 'What matter?' I said to myself. 'Chere Maman will be here in an hour at the furthest, and then I shall be released. They will drop down with the tide at midnight, Cyprian said. They are going by some vessel, then. It will not be difficult to learn the names and destination of all that start to-night; neither will it be altogether impossible, with the aid of my good friends the detectives, to obtain some sort of a description of the passengers that start by them. Courage! To-morrow, perhaps, I may be on the track of Cyprian and Louise; and when once I get hold of the clue, I will follow them round the world rather than lose it again. I will kill them both, or be killed myself in the attempt.' That idea of revenge was very sweet to me. I gloated over it; I hugged it to my heart, as the one great purpose of the life that was still before me. It seemed to me, at that time, that there was nothing else worth living for.

"Whether I sat half an hour, one hour, or three hours, brooding thus, I cannot tell; but at length I heard the door below opened from without, and then the heavy foot of Chere Maman as she panted slowly up the stairs.

"'Louise, Louise, my child, where are you?' she exclaimed, as she entered the room. 'Have you found the porte-monnaie of Monsieur George? To the devil with the girl!—where has she vanished to? And these pretty things,—why are they all left open here to the hand of any one who may enter the apartment—watches, chains, bracelets—I know not what—all the presence of Monsieur George?'

"I tapped at the door to attract her attention. She gave a little shriek, and swept the jewelry into her skirt.

"'Who goes there?' she asked, in a trembling voice. 'Speak, or I call the police.'

"'Tis only I—Monsieur George. Open the door, please.'

"'Bah! how you frightened an old woman! What do you do there? Making what you call one of your little larks, eh? But where is Louise?'

"'Let me out, and I will tell you everything.'

"'You are not polite, *mon enfant!* I ask you a question, and you omit to reply to it.'

"'Louise and Cyprian have gone off together,—curse them!—and have left me fastened up here.'

"'*Diable!* The girl is a greater fool than I took her to be, I knew she was infatuated with Monsieur Vcek. But why not have waited till after her marriage with you, as I told her many times? Fools! they have spoils everything.'

"'But, open the door, please, Chere Maman.'

"'Gently? All in good time. Do you know, my son, that although I am very much enraged, I cannot help being amused also? The situation is so novel. It would take well at the *Variétes* or the *Bouffes;* only, to give it the proper effect, you ought to be the husband, and not merely the lover, who has been so vilely treated. But tell me, why has Louise left her jewels behind her?'

"'Because Cyprian would not allow her to take them with her.'

"'Ah, the droll fellow! It is quite a romance. But you, Monsieur George, when you are released, you will go after this villain, who has robbed you of a bride and me of a daughter, and seek your revenge like a man of honor; is it not so?'

"'He shall not escape me; I have sworn to take his life. But the door, madame; the door. Every minute's delay gives him an extra chance of escape.'

"'Precisely so, my son; and that is just the reason why I have not opened the door of your prison.'

"'I do not comprehend.'

"'Listen, then. Cyprian and Louise having gone, it were wise to wish them *bon voyage*, and have done with them forever. But you, my little one, you are headstrong, wilful. I release you, and what happens? You pursue the fugitives; you overtake them, perhaps. There is a scene, an *esclandre;* it may be even a murder. The police put in their finger; Justice wants to know the meaning of it all—examines us all, asks impertinent questions of us all—questions, my faith! which it were difficult to answer; your newspapers give the affair to the world; and who knows where it all ends? And all this may be avoided by keeping you where you are.'

"'But, madame, you would not—'

"'Monsieur George, it is not polite to interrupt a lady. I have not finished. Suppose, on the other hand, that I leave you where you are; that I take with me these pretty *bagatelles* which Louise was so foolish as to leave behind her, and which you, monsieur, are too much a gentleman to wish to reclaim; and that I return quietly and respectively to my dear Paris, and there wait patiently till another pretty daughter requires my services, for whom I will enact once more, with great pleasure, the part of *chere maman*,—eh?'

"'But, good Heavens! you cannot be such a monster as to leave me here to die of hunger?'

"'That is a difficulty, certainly. I have a heart, Monsieur George; and I can feel for you. But listen: I have made in my head a beautiful plan which will suit both of us. I shall start to-night by the train for Dover. I shall reach Boulogne early in the morning. As soon as I arrive there, I will send through the post a note addressed to the landlord of this house, telling him that there is a gentleman confined in that closet, and asking him to release you without delay. Monsieur Cyprian will have had a day's start, and you will find it difficult to overtake him; and by that time I, too, shall be lost in my dear Paris.'

"'You surely cannot be so cruel?'

"'Silence, monsieur! As I have said, so it shall be. You are positively becoming tedious. Unless you are a good boy, it is quite possible that I may omit to post the note at Boulogne. Go to sleep, my cabbage, and forget your troubles for an hour.'

"She lit a cigarette, and began her preparations for her journey. In half an hour she informed me that she was ready. I made one more earnest but useless appeal to be released.

"'It must not be,' she said. 'By to-morrow at this time you will be free. Till then you must wait with what patience you can. On one point I am pleased to enlighten you. Louise is not my daughter—at least not that I am aware of. We came to England six months ago, with the intention of picking up a good *parti;* for Louise was charming, certainly, and clever too, but terribly headstrong;—see how foolish she has ruined her prospects. Before she came to me, she was a rope-dancer at the Hippodrome; but married ladies are absurdly jealous, and she had to leave one day without giving notice. And now, *bon soir, mon cher Monsieur George!* I am desolated that it is not in my power to embrace you; but your image will have place always in the heart of your *chere maman.*'

"And so, with many tuggings and heavings at her box, she got down by degrees to the bottom of the stairs. Then I heard the front door opened; in a moment or two it was closed again, with a clash that echoed through all the empty rooms; and I was left alone in the great old house, shut up in an iron tomb in the very heart of London, and as powerless to release myself as though I were nailed down in a coffin, and buried six feet below the surface of the earth.

"So long as Chere Maman was there, my desire to be released from my iron prison was so absorbing as to leave little room for any thought at variance with it; but now that I was left alone, with no prospect of release till the following evening, I had time enough to think the recent events carefully over, and resolve upon my plan of action when I should be free. But before sitting down, to await, with what resignation was possible to me, the hour of my deliverance, I determined to make one more effort for immediate freedom. The house of which the suite of apartments tenanted by Chere Maman formed a portion, was old and large. The ground-floor formed a shop, which had been empty and closed ever since I had known the place; the upper floors, too, were without tenants. It seemed to me, however, that there was just a possibility of my voice penetrating either into the next house, or else into the street; but the next house, though I was not aware of it at the time, consisted of offices, which were closed and left to themselves after six o'clock; so I dragged myself up by my hands till my mouth was on a level with the semicircular opening at the top of the door, and then called aloud several times with all my strength; but there came no response save the echo of my own voice, and when that was gone I could hear nothing but the dull ceaseless rumble in the streets below. Giving it up at length as a bad job, I sat down on the floor of my dungeon, and, leaning my forehead against the cool iron door, abandoned myself to thought.

"What if Chere Maman should neglect to post the note as she had promised? or supposing it were to miscarry in transit? Then I should certainly be starved to death; for it was not likely that my imprisonment would be discovered in time to save my life. Perhaps, even, the door would never be opened for years—not till my flesh had dropped away, and nothing but a skeleton remained; over which people would surmise, and shake their heads, and wonder how it came to be there.

"The idea of this terrible fate grew upon me to such a degree, that I burst into a cold sweat; and starting up I gave one last despairing cry—a cry which was answered by a wild burst of hellish laughter from the fiends in the large room. Yes, they had come at last; I heard them playing leapfrog over the chairs and tables; and then they mounted on one another's shoulders, and peered at me with green lurid eyes through the opening in the door, and grinned at me, and winked at me, and thrust their tongues into their cheeks, and made believe to be bursting with laughter at seeing me in such a miserable plight.

"Little hairy men they were, with hook noses, and eyes that seemed to be cut out of living emeralds. It was their first visit to me since that night when, a lad at school, I was shut up, cold, hungry, and bruised, in the black-hole till morning. But I knew them again, and they knew me. They went away after a while; and then I fell to thinking of Cyprian and Louise, and wondering where they were by that time; and the thought of the great revenge I would take upon them, when I should find them, warmed the chilled blood in my veins till it glowed like liquid fire, and in the heat of my passion I struck my clenched hand against my prison-door, and shrieked aloud a wild cry for revenge. And in a moment all my little fiends were back again, all yelling 'revenge!' and each one grinning and nodding at me, as it came with a hop and a skip through the opening in the door, till the place was full of them. Then they took me in their arms, and striking my head with tremendous force against the iron door, it burst open with a jar that seemed to split my brain; and then we all flew away together through the windy night; and I remember nothing more."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Have Animals Reasoning Power?

Prof. Agassiz, in a lecture in Boston on the elephant, said: It is a favorite saying that men are governed by reason and animals by instinct; but I believe that is all wrong. There is no distinction of kind between the two, but only of degree.

As we come to the higher animals, we find the brain larger in proportion to the size of the body. But this does not prove a different kind of activity of these parts, but only different intensity.

Now let us see if there is any difference in the mode of action on the brains of men and animals. Every sensation to be felt, must produce a reaction. All animals see, hear, smell and taste as well as we do; therefore, the reaction must be the same, and the operation, as far as the body is concerned, is the same. Next, our perceptions influence our actions, through the operations of the mind; and in the animals the same influence upon their action is to be seen; here, again, is perfect similarity. Although the difference of the intensity of these actions may be great in different animals, yet the principle is the same.

The animals gratify their appetites, and so do we, and in the same manner. For instance, everybody has seen dogs playing only for the pleasure of playing, just as men do. And what right have we to assume that the motive which influences them is not the same as that influencing us? Again, animals have memory, just as we have, and they can trace the connection between cause and effect; and this is reason.

But I will go further; only mind can communicate with mind; and if animals had no mind, we could have no intercourse with them. Animals can be trained, and this proves the existence of reason; a connection seen between cause and effect. The means of training animals are the same as those employed for training children: certain sounds are used as signals. This supposes a perfect logical process, tracing the sequence of effect from its cause.

☞ Abstinence from crinoline, it seems, is a badge of secesh loyalty in the South-West. A correspondent of a morning paper, who has been at Memphis lately, says that though hoops are plentiful there, the ladies have agreed among themselves not to wear them. It is their secret sign—their badge—their rebel flag. No longer allowed to flaunt past our gallant fellows with their badges and flags pinned to their dresses and bonnets, they have hit upon this plan. They will wear no more hoops. That is their rebel mark now; and one, the other day, when asked if that was the reason, tossed up her head and said: "Yes, it is; and you Yankees can't make us wear hoops, neither."

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

(*Continued from third page.*)

power of dissimulation, the blind indifference to the future, which make a Palmer, a Cartouche, a Fauntleroy, or a Roupell. He was wretched because of what he had done; and he allowed everybody to perceive his wretchedness.

Mrs. Darrell saw that her son was miserable in spite of his newly-acquired wealth; and a horrible terror seized upon her. Her sisters had taken good care to describe to her the scene that had occurred at Woodlands upon the night of the old man's death. She had watched her son, as only mothers can watch the children they love; and she had seen that his dead kinsman's fortune had brought him no happiness. She had questioned him, but had received only sulky, ungracious answers, and she had not the heart to press him too closely. The mother and son were alone in the dining-room at Woodlands about a week after the scene in Monsieur Victor Bourdon's apartment. They had dined *tete-a-tete*. The dessert had not been removed, and the young man was still sitting at the bottom of the long table, lounging lazily in his comfortable chair, and very often refilling his glass from the claret-jug on his right hand. The three long windows were open, and the soft May twilight crept into the room. A tall, shaded lamp stood in the centre of the table, making a great spot of yellow light in the dusk. Below the lamp there was a confused shimmer of cut glass, upon which the light trembled, like moonbeams upon running water. There were some purple grapes and a litter of vine leaves in a dessert dish of Sevres china; the spiky crown of a pine-apple; and scarlet strawberries that made splashes of vivid color amid the sombre green. The pictured face of the dead man hanging upon the wall behind Launcelot Darrell's chair seemed to look reproachfully out of the shadows. The ruby draperies shading the open windows grew darker with the fading of the light. The faint odor of lilacs and hawthorn blossoms blew in from the garden, and the evening stillness was only broken by the sound of leaves, stirred faintly by a slow night wind that crept among the trees.

Mrs. Darrell was sitting in the recess of one of the open windows, with some needlework in her lap. She had brought her work into the dining-room after dinner, because she wished to be with her son; and she knew that Launcelot would sit for the best part of the evening brooding over his half-filled glass. The young man was most completely miserable. The great wrong he had done had brought upon him a torture which he *was* scarcely strong enough to endure. If he could have undone that wrong—if—! No! That way lay such shame and degradation as he could never stoop to endure.

"It was all my great uncle's fault," he repeated to himself, doggedly. "What business had he to make the will of a madman? Whom have I robbed, after all? Only a specious adventuress, the intriguing daughter of a selfish spendthrift."

Such thoughts as these were for ever rising in the young man's mind. He was thinking them to-night, while his mother sat in the window, watching her son's face furtively. He was only roused from his reverie by the sound of wheels upon the gravel drive, the opening of a carriage door, and a loud ringing of the bell.

The arrival of any unexpected visitor always frightened him; so it was nothing unusual for him to get up from his chair and go to the door of the room to listen for the sound of voices in the hall.

To-night he turned deadly pale, as he recognized a familiar voice; the voice of Gilbert Monckton, whom he had not seen since the reading of the will.

Launcelot Darrell drew back as the servant approached the door, and in another moment the man opened it, and announced Mr. Monckton, Mrs. Monckton, Mr. Thornton, Monsieur Bourdon. He would have announced Mr. John Ketch, I dare say, just as coolly.

Launcelot Darrell planted his back against the low marble chimney-piece, and prepared to meet his fate. It had come; the realization of that horrible nightmare which had tormented him ever since the night of Maurice de Crespigny's death. It had come; detection, disgrace, humiliation, despair; no matter by what name it was called, the thing was living death. His heart seemed to melt into water, and then freeze in his breast. He had seen the face of Victor Bourdon lurking behind Gilbert and Eleanor, and he knew that he had been betrayed.

The young man knew this, and determined to make a gallant finish. He was not a coward by nature, though his own wrong-doing had made him cowardly; he was only an irresolute, vacillating, selfish Sybarite, who had quarrelled with the great schoolmaster Fate, because his life had not been made one long summer's holiday. Even cowards sometimes grow courageous at the last. Launcelot Darrell was not a coward: he drew himself up to his fullest height, and prepared to confront his accusers.

Eleanor Monckton advanced towards him. Her husband tried to restrain her, but his effort was wasted; she waved him back with her hand, and went on to where the young man stood, with her head lifted and her nostrils quivering.

"At last, Launcelot Darrell," she cried, "after watching that has wearied me, and failures that have tempted me to despair, at last I can keep my promise; at last I can be true to the lost father whose death was your cruel work. When last I was in this house, you laughed at me and defied me. I was robbed of the evidence that would have condemned you: all the world seemed leagued together against me. Now, the proof of your crime is in my hands, and the voice of your accomplice has borne witness against you. Cheat, trickster, and forger: there is no escape for you now!"

"No," exclaimed Monsieur Bourdon, with an vicious chuckle, "it is now your turn to be chased, my stripling; it is now your turn to be kicked out of the door."

"From first to last, from first to last," said Eleanor, "you have been false and cruel. You wronged and deceived the friends who sent you to India—"

"Yaase," interrupted the commercial traveller, who was very pale, and by no means too steady in his nerves, after the attack of delirium tremens. He had dropped into a chair, and sat trembling and grinning at his late patron, with a ghastly jocosity that was far from agreeable to behold. "Yaase, you cheat your mo-thair, you cheat your friends. You make belief to go to the Indias, but you do not go. You what you call shally-shilly, and upon the last moment, when the machine is on the point to depart, you change the mind. You are well in England, there is a handsome career for you, as artist, you say. Then you will not go. But you have fear of your uncle, who has given the money for your—fit-out—and for your passage, and you make believe to do what they wish from you. You have a friend, a *confrere*, a Mr., who is to partake your cabin. You write to *hoem*, you get *hoem* to post your letters; you write to your mo-thair, in Clipa-stone street, and you say to her, 'Dear mo-thair, I cannot bear this broil climate; I am broil, I work the night and the day; I am indigo planter;' and you send your letter to the Indias to be posted; and your poor mo-thair belief you; and you are in Paris to enjoy yourself, to lead the life of student, a little Bohemian, but very gay. You read Balzac, you make the little sketches for the cheap Parisian journals. You are gamester, and win money from a poor old Englishman, the father of that lady there; and you make a catspaw of your friend, Victor Bourdon. You are a villain man, Monsieur Darrell, but it is finished with you."

"Listen to me, Launcelot Darrell," Gilbert Monckton said, quietly. "Every falsehood and trick of which you have been guilty, from first to last, is known. There is no help for you. The will which my wife holds in her hand is the genuine will signed by Maurice de Crespigny. This man is prepared to testify that the will by which you took possession of this estate is a forgery, fabricated by you and Henry Lawford's clerk, who had in his possession a rough draught of the real will which he had written at Mr. de Crespigny's dictation, and who copied the three different signatures from three letters written by the old man to Henry Lawford. You are prepared to bear witness to this?" added the lawyer, turning to Victor Bourdon.

"But certainly," exclaimed the Frenchman, "it being well understood that I am not to suffer by this candor. It is understood that I am innocent in this affair."

"Innocent!" cried Launcelot Darrell, bitterly. "Why you were the prime mover in this business. It was your suggestion that first induced—"

"It is possible, my friend," murmured Monsieur Bourdon, complacently; "but is it, then, a crime to make a little suggestion—to try to make oneself useful to a friend? I do not believe it! No matter. I have studied your English law: I do not think it can touch me, since I am only prepared to swear to having *found* this real will, and having before that *overheard* a conversation between you and the clerk of the avoue de Vindsor."

"You use noble tools, Mrs. Monckton," said Launcelot Darrell, "but I do not know by what right you come into my house, uninvited, and bringing in your train a very respectable transpontine scene-painter, with whom I have not the honor to be intimate, and a French commercial traveller, who has chosen to make himself peculiarly obnoxious to me. It is for the Court of Chancery to decide whether I am the rightful owner of this house and all appertaining to it. I shall await the fiat of that court; and in the meantime I have the honor to wish you good-evening."

He laid his hand upon the handle of the bell as he spoke, but he did not pull it.

"You defy me, then, Launcelot Darrell?" said Eleanor.

"I do."

"I am glad that it is so!" exclaimed the girl. "I am glad that you have not prayed to me for mercy. I am glad that Providence has suffered me to avenge my father's death."

Eleanor Monckton was moving towards the door.

In all this time Ellen Darrell had not once spoken. She had stood apart in the recess of the window, a dark and melancholy shadow, mourning over the ruin of her life.

I think that she was scarcely surprised at what had happened. We sometimes know the people we love, and know them to be base; but we go on loving them desperately, nevertheless; and love them best when the world is against them, and they have most need of our love. I speak here of maternal love, which is so sublime an affection as to be next in order to the love of God.

The widow came suddenly into the centre of the room, and cast herself on her knees before Eleanor, and wound her arms about the girl's slender waist, pinning her to the spot upon which she stood, and holding her there. The mother's arms were stronger than bands of iron, for they were linked about the enemy of her son. It has been demonstrated by practical zoologists that the king of beasts, his majesty the lion, is, after all, a cowardly creature. It is only the lioness, *the mother*, whose courage is desperate and indomitable.

"You shall not do this," Ellen Darrell cried; "you shall not bring disgrace upon my son. Take your due, whatever it is; take your paltry wealth. You have plotted for it, I dare say. Take it, and let us go out of this place penniless. But no disgrace, no humiliation, no punishment, *for him!*"

"Mother!" cried Launcelot, "get up off your knees. Let her do her worst. I ask no mercy of her."

"Don't hear him," gasped the widow, "don't listen to him. Oh, Eleanor, save him from shame and disgrace. Save him! save him! I was always good to you, was I not? I meant to be so, believe me! If ever I was unkind, it was because I was distracted by regrets and anxieties about him. Oh, Eleanor, forgive him, and be merciful to us. Forgive him. It is my fault that he is what he is. It was my foolish indulgence that ruined his childhood. It was my false pride that taught him to think he had a right to my uncle's money. From first to last, Eleanor, it is I that am to blame. Remember this, and forgive him, forgive—"

Her throat grew dry, and her voice broke, but her lips still moved, though no sound came from them, and she was still imploring mercy for her son.

"Forgive!" cried Eleanor, bitterly. "Forgive the man who caused my father's death! Do you think I have waited and watched for nothing? It seems to me as if all my life had been given up to this one hope. Do you know how that man has defied me?" she exclaimed, pointing to Launcelot Darrell. "Do you know that through him I have been divided from my husband? Ah! why do I speak of my own wrongs? Do you know that my father, a poor helpless old man, a lonely, friendless old man, a decayed gentleman, killed himself because of your son? Do you expect that I am to forget that? Do you think that I can forgive that man? Do you want me to abandon the settled purpose of my life, the purpose to which I have sacrificed every girlish happiness, every womanly joy, now that the victory is mine, and that I can keep my vow?"

She tried to disengage herself from Ellen Darrell's arms, but the widow still clung about her, with her head flung back, and her white face convulsed with anguish.

"Forgive him, for my sake," she cried; "give him to me—give him to me. He will suffer enough from the ruin of his hopes. He will suffer enough from the consciousness of having done wrong. He *has* suffered. Yes, I have watched him, and I know. Take everything from him. Leave him a penniless dependant upon the pitiance my uncle left to me, but save him from disgrace. Give him to me. God has given him to me. Woman, what right have you to take him from me?"

"He killed my father," Eleanor answered, in a sombre voice; "my dead father's letter told me to be revenged upon him."

"Your father wrote in a moment of desperation. I knew him. I knew Georgy Vane. *He* would have forgiven his worst enemy. He was the last person to be vindictive or revengeful when his first anger was passed. What good end will be gained by my son's disgrace? You shall not refuse to hear me. You are a wife, Eleanor Monckton; you may one day be a mother. If you are pitiless to me now, God will be pitiless to you then. You will think of me then. In every throb of pain your child may suffer; in every childish ailment that makes your heart grow sick with unutterable fear, you will recognise God's vengeance upon you for this night's work. Think of this, Eleanor; think of this, and be merciful to me—to *me*—not to him. What *he* would have to endure would be only a tithe of *my* suffering. I am his mother—his mother!"

"Oh, my God!" cried Eleanor, lifting her clasped hands above her head. "*What* am I to do?"

The hour of her triumph had come; and in this supreme moment doubt and fear took possession of her breast. If this was her victory, it was only half a victory. She had never thought that any innocent creature would suffer more cruelly by her vengeance upon Launcelot Darrell than the man himself would suffer. And now here was this woman, whose only sin had been an idolatrous love of her son, and to whom his disgrace would be worse than the anguish of death.

The widow's agony had been too powerful for the girl's endurance. Eleanor burst into a passion of tears, and turning to her husband let her head fall upon his breast.

"What am I to do, Gilbert?" she said. "What am I to do?"

"I will not advise you, my dear," the lawyer answered, in a low voice. "To-night

instances is of your own accomplishing.—Your own heart must be your only guide."

There was silence in the room for a few moments, only broken by Eleanor's sobbing. Lancelot Darrell had covered his face with his hands. His courage had given way before the power of his mother's grief. The widow still knelt, still clung about the girl, with her white face fixed now, in an awful stillness.

"Oh, my dear, dead father!" Eleanor sobbed, "you—you did wrong yourself, sometimes; and you were always kind and merciful to people. Heaven knows, I have tried to keep my oath; but I cannot—I cannot. It seemed so easy to imagine my revenge when it was far away: but now—it is too hard—it is too hard. Take your son, Mrs. Darrell. I am a poor helpless coward. I cannot carry out the purpose of my life."

The white uplifted face scarcely changed, and the widow fell back in a heap upon the floor. Her son and Gilbert Monckton lifted her up and carried her to a chair in one of the open windows. Richard Thornton drop ped on his knees before Eleanor, and began to kiss her hands with *effusion*.

"Don't be frightened, Nelly," he exclaimed. "I was very fond of you once, and very unhappy about you, as my poor aunt can bear witness; but I am going to marry Eliza Montalambert, and we've got the carpets down at the snuggest little box in all Brixton, and I've made it up with Spavin and Cromshaw in consideration of my salary being doubled. Don't be frightened if I make a fool of myself, Eleanor; but I think I could worship you to-night. Fate is your victory, my dear. This is the only revenge Providence ever intended for beautiful young women with hazel-brown hair. God bless you."

Launcelot Darrell, with a grayish pallor spread over his face, like a napkin upon the face of a corpse, came slowly up to Eleanor.

"You have been very generous to me, Mrs. Monckton, though it is a hard thing for me to say as much," he said. "I have done wicked things, but I have suffered—I have suffered and repented perpetually. I had no thought of the awful consequences which would follow the wrong I did your father. I have hated myself for that wicked act ever since; I should never have forgived the will if that man had not come to me, and fooled me, and played upon my weaknesses. I will thank you for the mercy you have shown me by-and by, Mrs. Monckton, when I am better worthy of your generosity."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Gilbert Monckton seconded his wife in all she wished to do. There was no scandal. All legal formalities were gone through very quietly. Those troublesome people who require to be informed as to the business of their neighbors, were told that a codicil had been found, which revoked the child's share of Mr. De Crespigny's will. Mr. Peter Sedgewick and Mrs. Bannister were ready to perform all acts required of them; though the lady expressed considerable surprise at her half-sister's unexpected accession of wealth. Eleanor Monckton entered into possession of the estates. The impulsive girl having once forgiven her father's enemy, would fain have surrendered the fortune to him into the bargain—but practical matter-of-fact people were at hand to prevent her being too generous. Mrs. Darrell and her son went to Italy, and Mrs. Monckton, with her husband's concurrence, made the young man a very handsome allowance, which enabled him to pursue his career as an artist. He worked very hard, and with enthusiasm. The shame of the past gave an impetus to his pencil. His outraged self-esteem stood him his friend, and he toiled valiantly to redeem himself from the disgrace that had fallen upon him.

"If I am a great painter, they will remember nothing against me," he said to himself; and though it was not in him to become a great painter, he became a popular painter; a great man for the Royal Academy, and the West End engravers, if only a small man for future generations, who will choose the real gems out of the prodigal wealth of the present. Mr. Darrell's first success was a picture which he called "The Earl's Death," from a poem of Tenny son's, with the motto, "Oh, the Earl was fair to see,"—a preternaturally ugly man lying at the feet of a preternaturally hideous woman, in a turret chamber lighted by lucifer matches—the blue and green light of the lucifers on the face of the ugly woman, and a pre-Raphaelite cypress seen through the window; and I am fain to say, that although the picture was ugly, there was a strange weird attraction in it, and people went to see it again and again, and liked it, and hankered after it, and talked of it perpetually all that season; one faction declaring that the lucifer-match effect was the most delicious moonlight, and the murderess of the Earl the most lovely of womankind, till the faction who thought the very reverse of this became afraid to declare their opinions, and thus everybody was satisfied.

So Launcelot Darrell received a fabulous price for his picture; and, having lived without reproach during three years of probation, came home to marry Laura Mason Lennard, who had been true to him all this time, and who would have rather liked to unite her fortunes with those of a modern Cartouche or Jack Sheppard for the romance of the thing. And although the artist did not become a good man all in a moment, like the repentant villain of a stage play, he did take to heart the lesson of his youth. He was tenderly affectionate to the mother who had suffered so much by reason of his errors, and he made a very tolerable husband to a most devoted little wife.

Monsieur Victor Bourdon was remunerated—and very liberally—for his *services*, and was told to hold his tongue. He departed for Canada soon afterwards, in the interests of the patent mustard, and never reappeared in the neighborhood of Tolldale Priory.

Eleanor insisted on giving up Woodlands for the use of Mr. Darrel, his wife, and mother. Signora Picirillo lived with her nephew and his merry little wife in the pretty house at Brixton; but she paid very frequent visits to Tolldale Priory, sometimes accompanied by Richard and Mrs. Richard, sometimes alone. Matrimony had had a very good effect upon the outward seeming of the scene-painter: for his young wife initiated him in the luxury of shirt-buttons, as contrasted with pins; to say nothing of the delights of a shower-bath, and a pair of ivory-backed hair-brushes, presented by Eleanor as a birthday present to her old friend. Richard at first suggested that the ivory-backed brushes should be used as chimney-ornaments in the Brixton drawing-room; but afterwards submitted to the popular view of the subject, and brushed his hair. Major and Mrs. Lennard were also visitors at Tolldale, and Laura knew the happiness of paternal and maternal love—the paternal affection evincing itself in the presentation of a great deal of frivolous jewelry, purchased upon credit; the maternal devotion displaying itself in a wild admiration of Launcelot Darrell's son and heir, a pink-faced baby, who made his appearance in the year 1861, and who looked very much better than the "Dying Gladiator," exhibited by Mr. Darrell in the same year. Little children's voices sounded by-and-by in the shady pathways of the old-fashioned Priory garden, and in all Berkshire there was not a happier woman than Gilbert Monckton's beautiful young wife.

And, after all, Eleanor's Victory was a proper womanly conquest, and not a stern, classical vengeance. The tender woman's heart triumphed over the girl's rash vow; and poor George Vane's enemy was left to the only Judge whose judgments are always righteous. (THE END.)

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is firm but inactive. Sales reach about 10,000 bbls at $5,25 @5,50 for superfine; $5,75@6,50 for extras; $6 @7 for old stock and good fresh ground extra fam ily, mostly the latter, and $7,10@8 for fancy brands, including 1000 bbls Western at the highest figure, 600 bbls Brandywine at $6,75, and 5000 bbls extra and extra family. The demand from the trade is also less active, within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and $8,50@9 ₱ bbl for high grade fancies, according to quality. Rye Flour is scarce and firm, with small receipts and sales at $5,75 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce; 600 bbls Brandywine sold at $5 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off, with sales of about 35,000 bus to note at 145 @150c for fair to prime Western, Penna and Southern reds, choice lots at 151@152c, and white at from 160 to 200c, the latter for handsome Kentucky. We quote at 146@148c for Western and Penna reds. Rye is without much change, and 4000 bus sold at 120@123c. Corn is dull and lower, with sales of about 30,000 bus at 98@100c for mixed and yellow. Oats have also declined, and some 40,000 bus sold at 83@ 86c, weight, for new and Mail are inactive, with further small sales of the former at 125@140c for Penna and New York state.

PROVISIONS—The market for all kinds is firm. Pork is quoted at $16@16½ ₱ bbl for new, and Beef at $12@16 for Western and city packed Mess. Of Bacon the sales are limited at 12@13c for plain and fancy bagged Hams; 6¾ @6¾c for Shoulders, and 7¼@7¾c for Sides. Green Meats are scarce; we quote Hams in salt at 9¼@9¾c, and Shoulders at 6¾@6¾c. Lard is firm but quiet, with sales of prime Western at 11½c; kegs are held at 12½c. Butter is wanted and selling freely at 18@22c for state; 23@25c for prime Ohio, and 26@30c for Goshen. Cheese is firmer and selling at 13@16c, the latter for prime New York. Eggs are worth 21c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull and drooping; and only 300 bales found buyers, in small lots, at 80 to 92c for ordinary to middling quality.

ASHES continues firm, with light receipts and sales of both kinds.

BARK has further advanced, with small sales, in all about 100 hhds to note at $38 for 1st No 1 Quercitron. Tanners' Bark is quiet.

BEESWAX continues in demand, and good Yellow is worth 45@46c ₱ lb.

COAL—The demand continues fair for the season, and prices are maintained.

COFFEE—The arrivals continue very light, with further small sales, in all some 500 bags, mostly Rio, at 29@33c, cash and 4 months, and Laguayra at 33½c net, cash.

COPPER is firm but quiet. Of Yellow Metal the sales are also limited at 30c for Sheets, and 31c for Bolts.

FEATHERS continues scarce and on the advance, with sales at 53@55c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The transactions are mostly confined to Green Apples, with free sales to note, at $2@3 3½; Cranberries sell slowly at $10@11 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit comes in slowly, and sales are reported at 5@6c for Apples, and 6@9c ₱ lb for unpared Peaches.

HAY continues in fair demand at $20@23 ₱ ton.

HEMP—The market is inactive and prices about the same.

HOPS move off as wanted at 26@28c for new crop.

IRON—There is a firmer feeling in the market, but very little doing in Pig Metal, and we quote Anthracite nominally at $36 for No 2, and $37@38 for No 1; 500 tons No 2 Glendon at $35½, and 500 tons Grey Forge at $35, cash. Blooms are very scarce, and fine are held at $120 ₱ ton. Of Scotch Pig there is very little offering, and holders are asking $40 ₱ ton. Manufactured Iron continues in good demand.

LEAD—There is little or no stock here, and Galena is firm at 9½ ₱ 100 lbs.

LUMBER—The receipts of White Pine Boards are taken on arrival at $25@26. Yellow Sap Boards are steady at $22. White Pine Shingles at $18@21, and Lathe at $1 40@1,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is firm and on the advance.

PLASTER continues in request at $2,75 ₱ ton, with sales of several cargoes at that rate.

RICE is firm but quiet, and sales of 300 bags are reported at 7¼@7¾c ₱ lb, mostly at the latter prices.

SEEDS—There is little or no Clover seed offering, and it is wanted at $7@7½ ₱ bus. Timothy is steady but quiet at $3,50@3,62½, and Flaxseed scarce and in request at $2,80@2,85 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm. N E Rum is steady at 70@75c. Whiskey is firmer, with sales of Penna and Ohio bbls at 61@62c, and Drudge at 58@60c.

SUGARS continue firm; sales of about 850 hhds are reported, mostly Cuba, at 12¼@12¾c, and Porto Rico at 13@13½c, on the usual credit.

TALLOW—There is a moderate demand for Rendered at 11¼@11c.

TOBACCO—Seed Leaf is active and Penna sells freely on arrival at 18@20c.

WOOL—There is more demand for both fleece and pulled at fully former rates and the market is firmer; sales of 300,000 lbs are reported at 77@80c, including 150,000 lbs foreign.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Irvine, on the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. F. Spaulding, Dr. THOMAS NEWBOLD, of Phila. to SARAH D. youngest daughter of Dr. W. A. Irvine.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Darborow, CHARLES ARMITAGE, to Miss SARAH BOYER, of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. JOSEPH TATEM, to Miss MARY E. HOLMES, daughter of the late Henry Holmes, Esq., both of this city.

On the 15th of July, by the Rev. J. A. McKean, Mr. WILLIAM MAAG, to Miss KATE B. HOFFNER, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. F. Church, Mr. JOHN W ANDREWS, to Miss AMANDA MCKENNEY, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Aldar, Mr. WILLIAM HIGGINS, to Miss REBECCA FLEMING.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th instant, the Rev. JESHU C. CLAY, D. D., the Rector of Gloria Dei Church, (Old Swedes') in his 72 year, and the 51st of his ministry.

On the 18th instant, THOMAS SAUNDERS, aged 30 years.

On the 19th instant, WILLIAM HILPERT, aged 38 years.

On the 19th instant, CHARLOTTE, wife of Jas. M. Allen, aged 43 years.

On the 18th instant, ELIZABETH CALHOUN, aged 39 years.

On the 17th instant, E. NEWTON VAN SANT, in his 30th year.

On the 15th instant, HANNAH M. wife of the late Edward T. Matthews.

On the 17th instant, MARY J. HAPP, in her 40th year.

On the 16th instant, MRS. ELIZABETH MORGAN, aged 72 years.

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SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will divote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of those inventions. *All genuine* "PALMER LIMBS" *have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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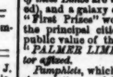
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AND
RAVEN & BACON'S
CELEBRATED PIANOS,
For sale by A. B. REICHENSACH,
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SOMETHING TO DO.—"PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE." Good Books, ready sales, and good profits. Agents wanted. Address, with stamp,
FOWLER AND WELLS,
oct24-4t 308 Broadway, New York.

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.
The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the disease in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.
WM. RALSTON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Vetenary Surgeon for the United States Government.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.
Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co.,
202 Broadway, New York.
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IF YOU WANT TO KNOW
Man and Woman inside and out—what draws the sexes together—what the cause of disease, of social unhappiness and matrimonial infelicity, read revised and enlarged edition of MEDICAL COMMON SENSE, a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. Contents-table sent free by mail everywhere.
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WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, November, 1863.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with valuable improvements at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$120,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	110,00
Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut,	105,00
Plain Table,	95,00
No. 2 MACHINE, PLAIN, with Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$95,00
Half Case, Paneled,	85,00
Plain Table,	75,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 2, plain table, (worth $65) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for THE POST—see *Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

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30 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
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STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

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All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

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Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
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DR. STERLING'S AMBROSIA
FOR THE HAIR.

SOMETHING FOR EVERY LADY AND GENTLEMAN.

AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or turning prematurely gray, causes it to grow thick and long. Beware of Imitations. None genuine but Dr. Sterling's.

READ AND SEE
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WHAT DR. H. H. STERLING'S
WHAT DR. H. H. STERLING'S
WHAT DR. H. H. STERLING'S
AMBROSIA WILL DO
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AMBROSIA WILL DO
IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that about 18 months ago, I commenced using STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was short, thin, and rapidly falling off. I had tried many Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft and glossy, and is five feet and four inches in length—when let down reaching to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I have commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair. MRS. LUCY A. BROWN,
St. Nicholas Hotel.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
NONE GENUINE but DR. H. H. STERLING'S.
NONE GENUINE but DR. H. H. STERLING'S.
NONE GENUINE but DR. H. H. STERLING'S.

Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1. Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor.
sep10-13t Depot, No. 493 Broadway, N. York.

DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT—A certain cure for pains in Limbs and Back, Sore Throats, Croup, Rheumatism, Colic, &c., &c. A perfect family medicine, and never fails. Read! Read!! Read!!!

LIVONIA, WAYNE CO., MICH., June 16, 1859.

This is to certify that my wife was taken with Quinsey Sore Throat; it commenced to swell, and was so sore that she could not swallow, and coughed violently. I used your Liniment, and made a perfect cure in one week. I firmly believe that but for the Liniment she would have lost her life.
JOHN H. HARLAN.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.
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NOT ALCOHOLIC.
A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
VEGETABLE EXTRACT!
A PURE TONIC.
DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Will effectually cure Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Jaundice, Chronic or Intermittent Fever, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver or Stomach, such as

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

Certificates have been received from all parts of the country, and the Proprietor has thousands of letters from the most distinguished

CLERGYMEN,
STATESMEN,
LAWYERS,
PHYSICIANS
AND
CITIZENS,

Testifying, of their own personal knowledge, to the benefits derived from the use of this Bitters. Among the many names we could publish, we select a few well known persons, whose reputation is national, hoping that those residing in your vicinity will call on them personally, or address them by letter, and thus satisfy themselves of the value of this remedy:

DO YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE?
DO YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR CONSTITUTION?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL YOUNG?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUSNESS?
DO YOU WANT ENERGY?
DO YOU WANT A CLEAR AND VIGOROUS INTELLECT?

If so, use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but, regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, in the gentleness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that *for general debility of the system, or special debility of the Nervous System, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some instances it may fail, but such instances will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.
Yours, very respectfully,
J. N. KENNARD,
Eighth below Cherry, near Sansom Street, Phila.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest rum, whiskey, &c., and sweetened with sugar, to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed.

These sorts of Bitters has ruined, and will continue to ruin, as long as they can be sold, thousands to the drunkard's grave, and sacrifice many to the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of liquor, and in many of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and by result is will be seen the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death.

For those who desire and will HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we recommend Dr. Hoofland's German Tonic, BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC AND ONE BOTTLE OF EQUALLY GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation more desirable for the afflicted, more pleasant and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST ONE-HALF AS MUCH. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in conjunction with GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that HOOFLAND'S GERMAN Bitters will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposure and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, as the deaths of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from diseases of the liver, cases of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from a disorder of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that Hoofland's German Bitters if timely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated case of one of the brave heroes, whose life, to use his own language, "has been saved by the Bitters."

PHILADELPHIA, August 2d, 1863.

MESSRS. JONES & EVANS—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters is the best thing out. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who were fully conversant of all the circumstances of my case. I am, and have for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Captain H. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was taken sick with fever, and for seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, brought on by attacks of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House and sent to this city on board of the steamer State of Maine, from which I landed on the 20th of June. Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and live. Not a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did manage to keep it down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a clyster of any kind in my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and accordingly the physicians in charge of me had given me up, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see my friends, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as I deemed suited me, previous to my being sent to the hospital. Mr. Frederick Steahlem, of Sixth below Arch Street, advised me, as a last resort, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them, the worst symptoms of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, setting better. Though I have not the half of a hair on my head for months, and I see symptoms of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter—from whom I have heard nothing for six months—I determine, if I live to get back to Virginia, from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe life and health, and they have taken the place of vague fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again seeing my comrades. Mr. Mahone, restored to health.

JOHN CALVIN MAHONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade Mr. Mahone restored to health.

JOHN CALVIN MAHONE, First New York Battery.
GEORGE A. ACKLEY, Co. C, Eleventh Maine.
LEWIS CHEVALIER, Ninety-Second New York.
J. H. LEWIS, Fifth Regiment, U. S. Infantry.
J. H. FARWELL, Co. B, Third Vermont.
HENRY H. BRADLEY, Co. H, Third Vermont.
HENRY T. MACDONALD, Co. C, Sixth Maine.
JOHN F. ——, Co. ——, Fifth Maine.
HERMAN KOCH, Co. H, Seventy-second New York.
BENJAMIN THOMAS, Co. F, Ninety-fifth Penna.
ANDREW I. KIMBALL, Co. A, Third Vermont.
JOHN ——, Co. ——, Second U. S. Cavalry.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.
PRICE, PER BOTTLE, 75 CENTS.
Or HALF DOZEN FOR $4.

Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the astonishing preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successor to C. M. Jackson & Co.,)
Proprietors.
☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. ap18-ow1y

Wit and Humor.

THE BEWITCHED TARRIER.

BY THE ARKANSAW NIGHTINGALE.

Sam Johnson was a cullud man,
Who lived down by the sea;
He owned a rat-tan tarrier
That stood 'bout one foot three;
And the way that creature chawed up rats
Was gorjus for to see.

One day this dorg was slumberin'
Behind the kitchen stove,
When suddenly a wicked flea—
A ugly little cove—
Commenced upon his faithful back
With many jumps to rove.

Then up arose that tarrier,
With frenzy in his eye,
And wallin' only long enough
To make a touchin' cry,
Commenced to twist himself around
Most wonderfully spry.

But all in vain; his shape was sich—
So awful short and fat—
That though he double up hisself,
And strained hisself at that,
His mouth was half an inch away
From where the varmint sat.

The dorg set up an awful yowl,
And twisted like an eel,
Emitting cries of misery
At every nip he'd feel,
And tumblin' down and jumpin' up
And turnin' like a wheel.

But still that most owdacious flea
Kept up a constant chaw
Just where he couldn't be scratched out
By any reach of paw,
And always half an inch beyond
His victim's snappin' jaw.

Sam Johnson heard the noise, and came
To save his animile;
But when he see the critter spin—
A barkin' all the while—
He drooled idiriforbits,
And then began to rile.

"The pup is mad enough," says he,
And luggin' in his axe,
He gev the rechid tarrier
A pair of awful cracks,
That stretched him out upon the floor,
As dead as carpet-tacks.

MORAL.

Take warnin' by this tarrier,
Now turned to sassidge-meat;
And when misfortin's flea shall come
Upon your back to eat,
Beware, or you may die because
You can't make both ends meet.

ONE OF THE COOKS.

A lady from Flatbush, L. I., was visiting a friend of mine in A——, Massachusetts, and it chanced the conversation one day turned upon the trials of housekeeping, not the least of which is the care of servants.

She said that she once, not long since, engaged a cook in New York, and in due time the damsel presented herself with the newspaper parcel containing her wardrobe for the week of trial. Before proceeding to lay off her bonnet, she turned to the lady and said:—

"Now, Mrs. Bradford, I always like to have a *good old-fashioned talk* with the lady I lives with before I begins. I'm awful tempered, but I'm dreadful forgiving. Have you Hecker's flour, Beebe's range, hot and cold water, stationary tubs, oil-cloth on floor, dumb waiter?"

Then follows her self-planned programme for the week.

"Monday I washes. I'se to be let alone *that* day. Tuesday I irons. Nobody's to come near me *that* day. Wednesday I bakes. I'se to be let alone *that* day. Thursday I picks up the house. Nobody's to come near me *that* day. Friday I goes to the city. Nobody's to come near me *that* day. Saturday I bakes, and Saturday afternoon my beau comes to me. Nobody's to come near me *that* day. Sunday I has to myself!"

Rising, she asked for a look into her sub-parlor. One hasty glance—

"No oilcloth on kitchen floor? I can't work here."

"You had better go," said Mrs. B, "for you can't work here," and she closed the door on the indignant female with a hearty feeling of relief.

THE PARSON'S HANDKERCHIEF

"Cymon," writing from Newburyport to the Express, tells the following "big 'un:"

Everybody has heard of old Parson Milton, who once did the preaching for the Presbyterians that worshipped at the Prospect Street Meeting-House. Manifold are the anecdotes afloat concerning this peculiar man, which almost every one has heard about. One day we were telling a friend of ours about the huge pocket-handkerchief which the old codger always carried—we could not tell the exact size, having never measured it, except by our eyes, and at some distance; but according to our best judgment and recollection, we pronounced it to be about the size of a common table-cloth. Our friend doubted our statement, thinking that we drew rather a long bow in the matter. We appealed to another friend present, who had often seen the article in question, who at once not only substantiated our statement, but set it much larger; it was as ample, he declared, as a big sheet. Not feeling entirely satisfied with the testimony yet, the doubter applied to another gentleman who was to the "manner born," and who always "spoke by the card." He set it much larger than any of us. "It was nearly as large," said he, "as a schooner's top-gallant sail!" Once more the indomitable doubter appealed. He asked a man who had been brought up under the parson's preaching the size of the handkerchief. "I could not give the exact measurement," said he, "but can tell you truly, that when he took it out of his pocket, in the pulpit, and flourished it about as was his custom, that it darkened the whole house with its extensive and deep indigo folds!" The doubter doubted never after any of our stories touching that peculiar locality of those eccentric people.

A TOUGH STORY.

While crossing the East Boston Ferry on a very foggy morning not long since, I heard the following story from an old down-east farmer, which struck me as about tough enough for the drawer:

A rather loquacious individual was endeavoring to draw the old gentleman into conversation, but hitherto without much success, the old fellow having sufficient discernment to see that his object was to make a little sport for the passengers at his expense.

At length says loquacious individual:

"I suppose you consider Down East a right smart place; but I guess it would puzzle them to get up quite so thick a fog as we are having here this morning, wouldn't it?"

"Well," said the old man, "I don't know about that. I hired one of your Massachusetts chaps to work for me last summer, and one rather foggy mornin' I sent him down into the meadow to lay a few courses of shingles on a new barn I was finishin' off. At dinner-time the fellow came up, and, sez he, 'That's an almighty long barn of yourn.' Sez I, 'Not very long.' 'Well,' sez he, 'I've been to work all this forenoon, and haven't got one course laid yet.' 'Well,' sez I, 'You're a lazy fellow, that's all I've got to say.' And so after dinner I went down to see what he'd been about, and I'll be thundered if he hadn't shingled more than a hundred feet *right on to the fog!*"—*Harper.*

GOOD RULES.

A lady who has just opened a boarding-house somewhere up town, has posted up the following "Rules and Regulations":—

"The gentlemen must not put their feet on the mantel in the winter, nor out of the window in the summer; and the lady must not write her name on the glass with a quarts pin. If she uses an air-tight, she must regulate the damper herself, and not ring every ten minutes for the chambermaid. The single gentleman must not play the trombone, nor make love to the servants, nor comb his whiskers at the table. If he does, he won't answer. The lady must not turn up her nose at anything upon the table, unless she has a natural pug; and none of the party must drink with a mouthful of victuals, nor must they fight for the top buckwheat cake. Terms liberal, and board to be paid weekly in advance."

YOUR EVENINGS, BOYS.

Great boys and little boys, here is a question which concerns you all. How do you spend your evenings? If your parents or guardians allow you to go from home in the evening, where do you go, and how is this time spent by you? Read this little account, and think of the lesson it teaches.

Joseph Clark was as fine-looking and healthy a lad as ever left the country to go into a city store. His cheek was red with health, his arm strong, and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said, "That boy will make something."

He had been a clerk about six months, when Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eye hollow, and he always seemed sleepy. Mr. Abbott said nothing for awhile. At length, finding Joseph alone in the counting-room one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Josepa.

"You look sick of late," said Mr. Abbott, "I have the headache sometimes," the young man said.

"What gives you the headache," asked the merchant.

"I do not know as I know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good season?"

Joseph blushed.

"As early as most of the boarders," he said.

"And how do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"Oh, sir, not as my pious mother would approve," answered the young man, tears standing in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "your character and all your future usefulness and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that make or break him."

A BAD EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.

FISH VENDER, (who has just put his pipe in his pocket.)—"Smell o' bacca, mam? Oh, yes, mam,—that's cos they're so fresh, mam. Sailors is allus a smoking—so that now caught fish is sure to taste more or less o' bacca, mam."

RETURNED.

Give me the place in your home, brother,
You offered me long ago,
When beside a gravestone now grown old,
You held my hand—it was heavy and cold
With deep and bitter woe.

Weary, and long, and hopeless
Seemed the life then left to me;
For I loved her well who slumbered there;
From the first soft blush to the last sad prayer,
Knit heart in heart were we.

Rest there was none for that sorrow,
And I carried my burden afar,
In distant lands and wilds remote,
Whose sights and sounds could touch no note
That recalled my life's lost star.

It was long, long leagues to the northward,
Where, throned in Winter's name,
Huge, gloomy cliffs awe the still sea-shore
By the crests they reared, and the frown they wore,
That a change upon me came.

In my dreams I had oft beheld her,
With an angel radiance graced,
Warning me tenderly, solemnly,
Of the trust of time that was passing by—
Not mine to lose or waste.

Break up my pilgrim's staff, brother;
I will wander the earth no more;
Through the clouds of the wrecked and blighted past,
The light of my love has broken at last
On the strife I shunned before.

A DARK HOUSE.

A dark house is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula, rickets, &c., among children. People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill they cannot get well again in it. Three out of many negligencies and ignorances in managing the health of houses generally I will here mention as specimens. First, that the female head in charge of any building does not think it necessary to visit every hole and corner of it every day. How can she expect that those under her will be more careful to maintain her house in a healthy condition than she who is in charge of it.

Secondly, that it is not considered essential to air, to sun and clean rooms while uninhabited; which is simply ignoring the first elementary notion of sanitary things, and laying the ground for all kinds of diseases. Third, that one window is considered enough to air a room. Don't imagine that if you who are in charge don't look to all these things yourself, those under you will be more careful than you are. It appears as if the part of the mistress was to complain of her servants and to accept their excuse—not to show them how there need be neither complaints nor excuses made.—*Florence Nightingale.*

MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES.—The night before the battle of Waterloo it rained severely, saturating the ground so that the ammunition wagons sank in up to the axle-trees and the girts of the horses. Napoleon waited till the roads should dry so that the field batteries could gallop freely; but the sun did not come out, and it was noon when the first gun was fired. Victor Hugo says that, had the battle commenced two hours sooner, it would have been over by four o'clock. Blucher would have fallen into the hands of the victor, and the map of Europe and the civilization of the nineteenth century would have assumed a new form.

☞ In the reign of Henry VIII, there was a small coin, of little value, called a dandy prat, "which," observes Bishop Fleetwood, "was the origin of the term dandy, applied to worthless and contemptible persons."

SINBAD THE SAILOR.

It is generally conceded now that most of the wondrous adventures of Sinbad, during his seven voyages, as related in the "Arabian Nights," are literally founded on facts. Sinbad lived in the eighth century, and his voyage, popularized in the "Arabian Nights," is related in an Arabic book, which was translated into French by M. Langlis, and published in Paris in 1848. In his third voyage, as popularly told, Sinbad was attacked by hideous dwarfs, about two feet high, and covered with red hair. It turns out (as told in Dr. Mowat's "Adventures and Researches Among the Andaman Indians," just published in London) that the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, are dwarfs, whose full height is four feet five inches, and their average weight only seventy-six pounds. They are not covered with red hair, but are painted over with red ochre and oil. These aptly correspond with the pigmies described by Sinbad.

Useful Receipts.

TO PROTECT DRIED FRUIT FROM WORMS.—It is said that dried fruit put away with a little sassafras bark (say a large handful to a bushel,) will keep for years, unmolested by those troublesome little insects which so often destroy hundreds of bushels in a season. The remedy is cheap and simple.

TEA IN RUSSIA.—They drink tea, in Russia, as soon as the boiling water is poured on it, whilst we allow it to stand until it becomes as black as one's hat and as bitter as hops. The men mostly drink their tea in tumblers, without milk, sometimes adding a slice of lemon, whilst the women take it in cups, with any amount of cream.

TO CLEAN CANARY BIRDS.—The Scientific American gives the following:—"These pretty things are, like meaner objects, often covered with lice, and may be effectually relieved of them by placing a clean, white cloth over their cage at night. In the morning it will be covered with small, red spots, so small as hardly to be seen, except by the aid of a glass; these are the lice, a source of great annoyance to birds.

CREAM CHEESE.—The cream is put in a thick cloth, so as to let the watery part escape, but retain the cream; tied and hung up for a day or two, till all the aqueous part is drained off; it is then put in a fresh cloth, spread out in a cake about an inch thick, pressed between two plates, changed into a fresh cloth next day, and is then fit for use.—*Irish Farmer's Gazette.*

MACAROONS.—These little cakes are much admired, and are a very agreeable addition to the dessert. The following is a receipt for preparing them: "To a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, take four tea-spoonsful of orange-flower water, the whites of six eggs, and one pound of sifted white sugar. Blanch the almonds, (remove the brown skin,) and pound them with the orange-flower water, or some of the white of an egg; then whisk the whites of the eggs and add them gently to the almonds. It is important that these two ingredients should be carefully added, or they will 'oil' or separate. Sift the sugar into the mixture until the whole forms a paste, not too stiff to drop upon a white paper, which should be placed in a tin or on a plate, and the whole baked in a slow oven till done.

TO ERADICATE CORNS.—Take a small piece of flannel, which has not been washed, wrap or sow it round the corn and toe. One thickness will be sufficient. Wet the flannel where the corn is, night and morning, with fine sweet oil. Renew the flannel weekly, and at the same time, pare the corn, which will very soon disappear.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

THE FASHIONABLE BONNET.

Are ladies generally aware that there are very few female countenances whose comeliness will sustain itself under the burthen of a flower-garden overhanging the forehead? Even a wreath on the head is very trying to the average of women's faces, and when to its effects is added that of a straw scoop, walling up the sides of the brow and destroying the beautiful curve in which nature causes it to vanish into the side hair, the result is trying to the sight of any one possessing the least modicum of taste. We laugh at the coal-scuttle hats of our grandmothers, and chuckle over English draughtsman's delineations of prim maidens of the household bearing bonnets whose flaring uprightness is so consonant with their figure, dress and character; yet never guess that under the pencil of a Hogarth, Cruikshank or Doyle, the costume of gentlemen and ladies of our period will be as prolific of amusement to our descendants as it is of self-complacency to us.

☞ Sambo says, "Dese folks makes a good many dese patches from de seat of war out of whole clof."

Agricultural.

HOW TO DRESS A WALL.

It is difficult sometimes to make an old wall look handsome. The Gardeners' Weekly Magazine describes how one was treated that had in its day warmed many fine crops of peaches, apricots, cherries and plums. By degrees the trees had perished; and at last, when cleared of their branches and shreds, it had very much the appearance of having been afflicted with the small-pox, for it was regularly and deeply pitted all over with nail-holes, the result of many years' training upon it of the fruit-trees. It might have been the spontaneous growth upon it of some lovely tufts of the wall linaria, or toad-flax, with little ivy-shaped leaves and lilac flowers, that put into the mind of my old friend the converting the wall into a perpendicular fernery. He first of all thrust into some of the large holes in the wall tufts of common polypody, making their creeping roots comfortable with turfy peat, and securing them from falling out by means of a piece of copper wire passed across the hole and held to the bricks by small staples. As these were found to flourish, and give the wall somewhat the aspect of a ruin, he began to make holes to plant others, and by degrees the wall was covered with hartstongue, asplenium, adiantum, the wall rue fern, the mountain polypody, the alpine cystopteris, and dozens of others that bear drought patiently and naturally inhabit rocks and waysides. In the shady chinks next the buttresses he managed to coax the British maidenhair to make luxurious fillets of herbage; and at the foot of the wall there were tufts of lastrea, osmund royal, and other ferns which the wall itself refused to nourish. The majority of these held their verdure far into the winter; the hartstongues and common polypodies were usually quite green the whole year round; and during the winter their rich dottings of golden spores sparkled in the most cheerful manner against the dark background of sheets of ivy and red brick. Of course the wall itself was crowned with snapdragons, wallflowers, and other gay tenants of ruined towers, or pines, that make riot of man's work, and glorify the decay of art with the triumphs of nature.

APPLES PRESERVED IN SAND.—John M. Firth, Centre county, Pa., recently sent to the office of the Agriculturalist (express paid,) a box of beautiful apples, whose natural period of ripening is in December and January. They were perfectly sound, and their flavor unimpaired. They are part of six barrels which were kept equally well, not twenty of the whole being unsound. They were picked Sept. 1st and 2d, kept upon the floor of a room in the house about two weeks, and then packed in barrels with dry sand obtained from an iron foundry, which has been used in casting, and from which all vegetable matter had been burnt out. They were placed so that no two apples came in contact, each being entirely surrounded by the sand. The whole were then stored in the cellar. Mr. Firth thinks the remainder of the fruit will keep in good condition until next September. It would be easy to prepare sand for this purpose by burning, and the experiment is worth further trial.—*American Agriculturalist.*

WHEAT FOR A BARREL OF FLOUR.—The question is often asked, how much wheat does it take to make a barrel of flour? At the annual fair of the Dubuque County Agricultural Society, in 1860, a premium of three dollars was offered for the best barrel of flour made from winter wheat, and also the same from spring wheat. James Pratt & Co., of the Rockdale mills, entered one barrel of each, accompanied with the statement that sixteen bushels of winter wheat yielded three barrels and 108 pounds of flour—at the rate of four bushels and fifteen pounds of wheat to the barrel. Of spring wheat, fifty bushels yielded eleven barrels of flour, being four bushels and thirty-two pounds per barrel. The wheat used was of a fair quality, and no more.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 3, 6, 2, 4, 7, is what many are striving for.
My 9, 7, 1, 15, 13, is a pair.
My 3, 4, 9, 10, 16, is a person of rank.
My 13, 10, 8, 5, is to invent.
My 7, 11, 14, 7, is to elevate.

My whole would be hailed with joy.

Mount Carroll, Ill. ANDROS.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 4, 11, is a calamity to a nation.
My 2, 5, is not out.
My 3, 4, 5, is a color.
My 6, 10, 10, 11, is in almost every house.
My 7, 4, 5, 6, is what you have got.
My 9, 8, 6, is not clean.

My whole is contained in the columns of the Saturday Evening Post.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in race, but not in run.
My 2nd is in frolic, but not in fun.
My 3rd is in starch, but not in flour.
My 4th is in tyrant, but not in power.
My 5th is in order, but not in place.
And my 6th in religion, but not in grace.

My whole is a staple of wondrous worth,
In use by nations of all the earth.
In the palace and cot, where camps are spread;
O'er the waste of waters by wild winds sped—
Binding shattered limbs, cooling brows of heat,
From the cradled babe to the winding-sheet,
It ever through all a sway commands,
And it blooms in beauty in Southern lands.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is an adverb of negation.
My 2nd is a river in Italy.
My 3rd is a rebel General.
My 4th is a preposition.
My 5th is a gay fellow.
My 6th is the same as my first.
My 7th is a portion.

My whole was a famous warrior, statesman, and disposer of Kings and crowns.

Talbot Co., Md. AMBIDEXTER.

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to divide unity into six such positive parts, that if each part be increased by unity, the sums shall be six rational cubes?

Carroll Co., Md. D. E.

☞ An answer is requested.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The diameter of the base of a spherical segment containing 13-125 of the sphere is 24 inches. What is the diameter of the sphere?

RUEBEN BARTO.

Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A hemispherical vessel whose external radius is 49 inches, and internal radius 31 inches, is terminated by a cylindrical rim, having the same thickness as the vessel. Required—the breadth of the rim, so that the vessel may rest on any point of its spherical base?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? Ans.—One stops the nose, and the other knows the stops.

☞ Why is a washerwoman a great fool? Ans.—Because she sets out the tube to catch soft water when it is raining hard.

☞ What is the largest jewel in the world? Ans.—The Emerald Isle.

☞ When is coffee like the soil? Ans.—When it is ground.

☞ When is bread alive? Ans.—When there is a little Indian in it.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—

"Conquer we must,
Our cause it is just,
Let this be our motto,
In God is our trust."

RIDDLE.—Riddler.

Answer to PROBLEM by S. J. D., published September 5th.—46¼ acres.—Carlos Everett, U. S. A., Morganzia, La.

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Sterne, published September 12.—Area of grindstone, 5754.5 cubic inches. A. grinds 4.08 inches, B. 4.85, C. the remainder.—Gill Bates.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published September 19th.—8.317766 and 2.14043 gallons.—E. Hagerty, Gill Bates, and A. Martin.

☞ Patience is a tree whose roots are bitter, but the fruit is very sweet.